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OVER THE SEA.

[EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

We write this letter from the attractive city of Munich, the capital of Bavaria, on the 10th of August. Last Sabbath (the 7th), in Venice, was rendered endurable only by the breath of the Adriatic which mitigated somewhat the oppressive heat of the weather. On Monday, in Verona, especially at night, the heat was distressing; but to-day our overcoats are far from being uncomfortable, and such slumbers as we enjoyed last night upon the soft German beds is something refreshing simply to remember.

We found Verona a curious old city, proud of the historical names that claimed it as their birthplace, such as Nepos, Pliny the Elder, Scaliger, Paul Veronese, and others, and of the famous reputation it enjoyed in former days. Its old palaces and public edifices were once elegant and stately. It is now the best fortified place in Italy. Being near the Austrian line, and until modern times a portion of the Austrian territory, Italy continues to add to its defenses, and keeps five or six thousand soldiers garrisoned here. This is the great curse of all the European nations—the state of armed preparation in which they menace each other and overburden themselves. The early young men everywhere are trained to serve during their best days in the army, acquiring habits unfitting them for profitable labor and business when discharged, and adding to the constant strengthening of fortifications, an immense amount to the public taxation. It is this that forces men, everywhere in Europe, into the field and into every form of menial as well as manual labor. We have seen women to-day gathering the refuse of the streets, and at work upon the bed of a railroad. Not infrequently we see the woman, staggering along under the weight, drawing the loaded hand-cart, and the man trudging by its side, with the singular-looking hoe, that is generally used, upon his shoulder.

Verona lies finely upon both sides of the swift Adige. It was grateful to us to reach a river-bed with enough water in it to cover its pebbles. Almost all the rivers in Southern Italy had nearly dried up. But here was an immense water power waste running to waste, save as a few roughly-made water-wheels, held between large boats in the river, were turned by the tide and moved certain simple forms of machinery. In former years there were elegant palaces with beautiful gardens within the bounds of the city. We visited one, still in the hands of a decayed family, and kept in good condition. Here were cypress trees said to be five hundred years of age and one hundred and twenty feet high, and a fine outlook of the whole city from a picturesque height at the bottom of the grounds.

It taxes both credulity and sentiment to be led to Juliet's grave through a tomb-stone maker's shop, a vegetable garden and the rear of stables, and to be finally pointed to what seems more like a stone horse-trough than a sarcophagus, as the place of her burial. But the enthusiasm of crowds has been unquenched by the exceedingly unpoetic surroundings of this traditional site. They have left their cards upon the empty stone and brought away a poorly-executed photograph of it. We had to smile, as the first card we read contained the familiar name of one of our Boston Methodist ministers. Juliet's name (she was of the Capulet family) is shown, with an ancient symbol upon it of the family coat of arms.

The most interesting antiquity of the town is the immense Coliseum, second only to that in Rome, with its proportions much better preserved from the ravages of depredators and the tooth of time. One of the venerable churches bears on its walls the work of the great painter who proudly bore the title of his native town—Paul Veronese.

The railroad ride from Verona to Munich was a long one, commencing at 4 A. M. and ending at 6 P. M.; but it was full of interest, and one never to be forgotten by the tourist. A pleasant rain—the first for a month—gave us its benediction as we started. Very soon the heights of the Tyrolean Alps began to appear, and by the mid-

dle of the forenoon we had reached the opening of the great gorge through the mountains of which the engineers of the excellently-constructed route have availed themselves in carrying the cars over the Brenner pass. The work is everywhere daring and substantial. By strong stone viaducts and many tunnels, winding around and around the heights so that you can constantly see before you and under you the track you have passed over, you rise to the height of the great elevation. You always see far above you, before you, in ever-varying peaks, the towering mountains, and behind you the lovely valley you have left. In the far distance you catch the high summits of snow-clad Alps with descending glaciers upon their sides. Austria has powerfully fortified the opening of this pass—the scene of many brave and successful struggles on the part of the Tyrolean mountaineers in defense of their homes against their foes. Like the Swiss on the other side of the range, the cottagers of Tyrol cultivate the mountain to its summit. Their neat, often white, chalets are perched upon the precipitous sides of the dizzy hills, with their conspicuous churches, small but numerous, always in view. Their harvests were just ripe, and were either gathered into sheaves, or laid ripening upon the earth. The effect upon the landscape of these varied-colored patches of cultivation and the stacked sheaves of grain, interspersed with the forests on the hill-sides, was very fine. There is nothing that strikes an American, who lives in the country rather than the city, more immediately than the entire absence of barns all over Europe. The harvests are gathered and prepared for market out of doors, while the straw and hay are preserved in immense stacks.

The Tyrolean homes look very inviting, and the farms are evidently well cultivated. The people are outwardly very religious or very superstitious. On every farm, along every yard of the highway, and near every house, you notice the crucifix with a simple cover over it, or a little shrine with the picture of the Passion in it. It is both a pathetic and a painful sight. The crucifix is evidently placed near their properties for good luck, as persons with us place a horse-shoe on the side of the house or barn. It can be invested with little sanctity from its constant recurrence and the character of its execution; but this is Papacy, it is not Christianity.

The view of the valley on the opposite side of the mountains as you begin to descend, is fairly enchanting. Far down below is the broad and charming valley at the head of which is the fresh-looking and beautiful city of Innsbruck, and through which runs the rapid river Inn. The valley exhibits the highest cultivation. The mountains rise very abruptly and to great heights on every side. Villas, castles, picturesque churches and cottages are seen on the sides of the hills, on high eminences, and all over the fertile valley. There are sublime views to be had in other Alpine passes, but in none is there such variety and such a succession of delightful views as one receives in going over these Tyrolean heights and through the deep and well-cultivated valleys.

With cool weather, how could we help being captured by München, as its natives call this proud little capital, with its nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants? The sea still rolls "rapidly" through it. Its late kings, having little opportunity to distinguish themselves in war, have been amateurs in art and gathered such collections as have made the city famous for its galleries. The present king of Bavaria, Ludwig II, however, gives but little time to his capital or to his government indeed, secluding himself in his comfortable and elegant palace upon the mountains of Tyrol. He lets his administration take care of itself. There are rare collections of both ancient and modern paintings and sculpture, and valuable museums of natural history and of antiquities, in the different palaces of the city. It is not a place to hurry through. It will afford entertainment and profit for a long tarry. The city is well planned, with wide streets and abundant squares. Its quiet and its wholesome atmosphere invites the seeker of health and recreation. One

is quite sure to fall upon friends here. As we came down from the palace of Maximilian, a friend from our city of Newton, Mrs. Hatch, addressed us quite unexpectedly by name. She was accompanied from the hotel by Dr. Long, of Roberts College, Constantinople, in whose well-qualified hands the superintendency of our Bulgarian Mission has rested. We are sorry to learn that Prof. Long cannot remain to attend the Ecumenical Council at London, as the absence of President Washburn compels his return before the opening of the college term in September.

Everybody visits the cemetery in Munich to see the singular custom of the city. Here the dead, for forty-eight hours before burial, enveloped in bouquets of flowers, are placed upon biers, with wires upon their fingers connected with bells. Watchers remain in the building. If the supposed dead revives and moves, the bell will sound and the watchers will come to the rescue. Twelve years ago, it is said, there was such a revival from apparent death, and the person was saved from a premature grave. There were only two adults lying in this solemn and flower-covered state when we looked into the strange chamber of death; but quite a large number of little children were there with a wire in each tiny hand. It was a trying sight for human nerves, especially parental, to look upon the scene.

No one thinks of leaving Munich without visiting the gigantic statue of Bavaria, that strikes the eye with its uplifted, garland-holding hand, as you enter the city. It is quite a triumph of art; with its marble pedestal, it is ninety-six feet high. We ascended to its head by the stairs within, and found ample accommodations for six, and more could have been comfortably introduced. The figure is commanding as well as gigantic. The face is fine and the attitude natural. It is a symbol of peace as well as of triumph. Long may her laurel rest upon heroes in art rather than in arms!

THE PRINTED TEXT OF THE GREEK TESTAMENT.

BY REV. J. W. LINDSAY, D. D.

The first printed edition of the Greek Testament formed a portion of the celebrated Complutensian Polyglot, which was prepared early in the sixteenth century under the supervision of Cardinal Ximenes. The volume which contained the New Testament in Greek and Latin was completed in 1485; but the publication of the entire work was delayed till 1520, and it did not get into general circulation before 1522.

The first published copy of the Greek New Testament, as we stated in a former article, was prepared by Erasmus, and was issued in 1516. From that time to the present date, more than seven hundred editions have been published. The most important editions are Stephens', Mills', Bengel's, Westcott's, Griesbach's, Lachmann's, Tischendorf's, Tregelles', and Westcott and Hort's.

The present year has given us three editions that deserve notice: The University press of Cambridge, England, prints "The Testament in the Original Greek, according to the Text followed in the Authorized Version, together with the Variations according to the Revised Version." Dr. Scrivener, who edits this, puts the readings that are displaced in heavier type, and prints the new readings at the foot of the page.

The Clarendon press at Oxford prints "The Greek Testament, with the Readings adopted by the Revisers of the Authorized Version." Dr. Palmer, Archdeacon of Oxford, is the editor of this edition. He gives the text which the revisers adopted, and places the rejected readings in foot-notes.

The edition of Westcott and Hort presents a Greek text formed exclusively on documentary evidence, no account being taken of any printed editions. Dr. Westcott is already favorably known as the author of the "History of the Canon of the New Testament," of the "Introduction to the Study of the Gospels," and of the "Commentary on the Gospel of John" that appears in the Speaker's Commentary. Dr. Hort ranks among the ablest living textual critics. The American edition is printed from duplicate plates of the English edition, and has a valuable introduction by Dr. Philip Schaff, in which he gives a brief account of the principal uncial Greek manuscripts of the New Testament. He includes in his list the one latest found.

* The New Testament in the Original Greek, the text revised by Brooke Foss Westcott, D. D., Canon of Peterborough, and Fenton John Anthony Hort, D. D., Professor of Divinity, Cambridge. American edition, with an introduction by Philip Schaff, D. D., LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

the Codex Rossanensis, which has not yet been utilized by the textual critics. This was found at Rossano in Calabria in 1879, by two German scholars, Gebhardt and Harnack, in possession of the Archbishop. It is beautifully engrossed with silver letters on purple-colored parchment and richly ornamented with pictures. The discoverers assign it to the sixth century. This codex contains the doxology in the Lord's Prayer (Matt. 6: 13).

Quite a full account of the ancient versions is given, and a list of the Greek and Latin fathers whose writings are of service in textual criticism. The variations in the text are estimated at 150,000, but not four hundred of them materially affect the sense. In fact, though the corrections made by the revision in the Greek text probably exceed 2,000, perhaps not one-twentieth will be observed by the ordinary reader. A very satisfactory statement of the principal printed editions of the Greek Testament is given. Dr. Reuss, of Strasburg, gives a list of 584 distinct and 151 title editions of the Greek Testament printed from 1514 to 1870.

Dr. Schaff divides the history of the printed text into three periods: 1. The period of the unlimited reign of the Received Text, so called, from 1516 to 1750 or 1770. 2. The transition period, from the Received Text to the Uncial Text, 1770 to 1830. 3. The restoration of the oldest and purest text, 1830-1881. The last period has been productive of most satisfactory results, and this edition of Westcott and Hort, embodying the results of a long series of textual critics, will undoubtedly take its place among the best standard editions.

THE AROOSTOOK.

SECOND PAPER.

BY REYNARD.

CARIBOU.

Those who remember Friday and Saturday, July 23 and 30, with their overpowering heat, can easily understand what men would be likely to suffer who rode forty-five miles the first day, and thirty-five the second, in an uncovered wagon. To talk of heat when shelter and ice and soda fountains are at command, is one thing; but to ride under a blazing sun for two days, and return with blistered nose, swollen ears, and exploding lips, is another and a much sadder thing. It was not all suffering and inconvenience, however. We would not reverse or blot out the experiences of those two days for all the shelter and coddling of the most fashionable summer retreat.

That Friday found us, a part of the time, in the remotest northeast corner of the United States, but for the greater part in her Majesty's dominion of New Brunswick. We rode until we found that we were a hundred miles east of Quebec, and but sixty miles from the mouth of the Saguenay river. From Caribou—which is, *par excellence*, the land of potatoes and potato starch—we passed through a French settlement—not the famous Mattawaska, though adjoining it—of some twenty miles in extent, all the houses being on the line of road. Back and beyond all was a wilderness, infested with the loup-levé, or Canadian lynx.

After leaving Van Buren, we followed a lonely road along the banks of the St. John's to

GRAND FALLS, N. B.

Here we took up our abode in a hostelry kept by an accommodating Britisher. We thought we had seen dead places in South Carolina and in some parts of Virginia, but this place was dead, so far as apparent business activities are concerned, than the deadest place we had ever seen, north or south. Yet there are few places so charming. The falls and the ravine through which the yeasty waters drive their furious way, are only less sublime than is the greater Niagara, which the hotel-keeper pretentiously told us in his circular they rivaled. We were reminded at every turn that we were on a foreign soil. It was her Majesty's this, and her Majesty's that, and we constantly found ourselves saying what we would, and what we would not, do when we returned to the United States. The hotel is neat, well furnished, and most charmingly situated. We were, however, the only guests. In the States such a hotel would have been full to overflowing.

The fare was capital, cream and vegetables abundant, and charges ridiculously low. But how strange it is that you can never get that to eat for which the country is famed. We tried to wheedle the landlord into broiling us some chickens, but ne'er a chicken did we see except those that safely strutted in the well-filled barn-yards without any fear of either spider (Anglice, frying-pan), gridiron, or pot. We were in a country famous for salmon and trout, and where, as we afterwards found, they are abundant, but we were not exposed to the danger of being choked with the bones of either; in fact, we could not induce the landlord to procure them for us for love or money. This was the more aggravating as we found next morning that any boy would have caught us a string of brook trout for a few cents.

We camped each day in the woods; that is, we dined *a la fresco*, and feasted as only trappers and fishermen can. Building a fire, we fried our pork and cooked our trout, of which we caught more than could be eaten, and as we ate we laughed at the refinements of Delmonico and Taft. Our fare surpassed that of those world-renowned caterers as nature always surpasses art. In this matter of larger and transportation and equipment for Waltonian enjoyment, we were laid under obligations to "Elder" Porter and to J. P. Small, esq., of Caribou. The former furnished and drove, with much-needed skill, a fiery span of horses through and over dangers on which the distant mountains seemed to look down with affright. Mr. Small (never was there a more unflinching name) not only supplied us with tackle and suitable apparel, but astounded us by instructing by letter a distant trapper to add to our supplies, place himself at our service, and send the bill to him. We did not use that letter, but we kept it as a proof of the munificence of Aroostook hospitality. "Elder" Porter we hope to meet again, and when we do, we hope both for his own sake and for the sake of the church he could so greatly bless, that he will be a presiding elder!

CARIBOU CAMP-MEETING.

On Sunday we found ourselves in the heart of the Aroostook country, buried in what a few years ago were ranges for moose and bear. Here we enjoyed for nearly a week an old-fashioned Methodist camp-meeting, under the charge of W. W. Marsh, presiding elder. At this meeting Dr. Greatheart and the writer preached several times. We had also the pleasure of hearing the presiding elder preach a sermon, which for logical power and metaphysical acumen would have done credit to the chair of Prof. Bowne. Brothers Hanesome and Skinner also preached the old-fashioned Gospel so that all who heard it were moved by the simplicity and power of its utterance. The preaching and praying on this occasion took us back to the good old times when we used to hear Jewett and Bangs and Griffin on the banks of the Delaware and at the head of the Susquehanna, and when we saw, as we seldom now see, the mighty slaying power of God. This is a land of wonderful possibilities for Methodism. In no place have we seen so much good resulting from the small pinnacles appropriated for the support of domestic missions. It seems to us, however, that its great men should not so soon leave the promising fields that lie so invitingly before them. Is there more glory in having limited success in a station in or near some of our great cities than there would be in cultivating a large circuit that would give with certainty results such as no city charge can ever give? We need great men on the sea-board, but we do not need them to the impoverishment of more remunerative fields. Preachers and farmers can do more for their country and their God by filling up and staying on these fertile acres, than they can do in any of our cities or at the West.

BOULTON.

On our return we hired a span of horses at Woodstock, and passing through a most lovely farming region, reached one of those flourishing centres of trade such as are not to be found outside the United States. Boulton is a growing Methodist church. Its minister is grappling with some local disturbances and overcoming them. He is also rehabilitating the church edifice, and prosperity is in the immediate future. Here we stayed with some of Dr. Greatheart's former parishioners, and such shouting and praying we have not heard since the days of "aud lang syne."

BANGOR.

Dr. Greatheart spent the last Sabbath of our vacation in this ancient city, preaching to his old hearers at Pine Street. We are told they had great times singing, shouting, and shaking hands. The writer, at the invitation of a tender-hearted, zealous preacher of the old-fashioned Methodist type, preached twice at Hampden, the birthplace of Hannibal Hamlin, and the scene of his early exploits as lawyer and politician.

On Monday, the writer, with Dr. Bolton, Bros. Townsend and Besse, took a boat down the Penobscot to Northport, passing Bucksport, Castine, Belfast and several other places en route. On the boat we met with the champion of Methodist education in Maine, Dr. Torsey. We discussed the educational interests of the church as well as the subjects always dear to a Methodist preacher's heart, and concluded that God is still with His church, and with the schools of the church.

We had heard much of Northport as a camp-ground, and so far as its natural advantages are concerned, too much cannot be said; but as to its preaching-stand and its arrangements for the hearing of the Gospel, they are simply disgraceful in the extreme. As a fashionable watering-place it may rank as A No. 1; but as a camp-ground it needs renovation and reform. Its boarding-house, under the care of Mr. Brown, is just what a camp-meeting boarding-house should be.

From Bangor we took a carriage and visited the State Agricultural College at Orono. Here we were entertained with

rare delicacy and liberality by Professor Fernald. Professor Fernald is an original scientific investigator, and is in constant correspondence with eminent scientists abroad. He has, without exception, the finest entomological cabinet in the United States. It even surpasses the collection in the British Museum. He is classifying a large collection of insects, of which we have no account in the text-books. Such men are an honor to our church; she may justly be proud of them.

We closed our vacation by preaching the opening sermon at

RICHMOND CAMP-GROUND.

Here we met a host of Maine preachers, and the writer was the guest of that venerable and most genial of Methodist preachers, Dr. Allen. Of all the camp-grounds we have seen, this in many regards is the best of all. It is a camp-ground indeed—away from everything that distracts, on the banks of the Penobscot, easy of access by water or by rail, and under the control of an association aiming at religious results rather than making of money. We enjoyed the spirit of the meeting much, and confidently expect to hear that it resulted in great and lasting good. With this camp-meeting we bade good-by for the present to the land of mispronounced and unpronounceable names.

THE NEW ENGLAND ASSEMBLY FOR 1881.

FIRST ARTICLE.

BY REV. R. H. HOWARD.

Since the Peace Jubilee there has probably been no such pronounced sensation or mammoth entertainment in New England as that afforded by the late New England Assembly, held at Framingham, Mass.

The first of these meetings—a sort of second edition, or a New England extension, of the far-famed Chautauqua—was held last year in Lake View grove, and continued for ten days. Its object was "the higher training of Sunday-school teachers in the theory and methods of the same to the home, the pastorate, the press, the secular school, social life," etc. During the ten days of the meeting, Sunday-school teachers and candidates for the teacher's office, in large numbers, were trained in Biblical construction, history, geography, archaeology, interpretation and doctrine; more than eighty of whom, having duly passed the prescribed examination, received in due time the diploma of the New England Assembly. The meetings were largely attended and enthusiastically enjoyed, and the whole enterprise was esteemed so decided a success that it was determined to continue it for the ensuing five years.

Not a little anxiety was naturally felt as to whether the high expectations awakened by the marked success of the previous year were to be fulfilled this. The writer is of the opinion that it may be confidently affirmed that they have been, and most abundantly. Notwithstanding that the novelty of the affair had largely worn away, and many of the normal exercises were similar to those of the year previous, the N. E. Assembly for 1881 has doubtless proved more of a power for good than its predecessor. In fact, wherever Dr. Vincent is, there must be success. He is a host in himself. He is personally-organized and embodied success. The only time the enterprise limped this year was while the Doctor was away in quest of delinquent Grant. He himself supplies the vital breath of the affair. Better by far suffer all the generals and presidents to "slide" altogether, than for him to be absent from the grounds for the space even of a single day.

All the circumstances this year conspired to make the meeting prosperous. The weather was especially propitious. The long rains of the week previous had thoroughly laid the dust, while scarcely a shower occurred during the whole term of the Assembly. Never, perhaps, was life in the tented grove more delightful. All day on Tuesday, Aug. 23, on the arrival of successive trains, the multitude came pouring into camp, so that by five o'clock the various avenues and parks of the mimic city were all alive with the bright throng passing gaily to and fro. How interesting a study this people!—the light in the eye, and the shining brow, in almost every instance giving evidence of intelligence, culture, refinement, and the highest moral earnestness. The contrast, in this respect, between this and the bulk of the camp-meeting company of the previous week, was striking.

On Tuesday evening occurred the opening "Assembly vesper service," together with the "Framingham Reunion." Speeches were made and songs sung. Now, for the first time, we were favored with the hearing of the famed Fisk Jubilee Singers, who contributed so much to the popularity and interest of his second Assembly. Their very first song stirred the great audience to the most enthusiastic rapture. As popular vocalists it may be safely said that these singers have not their equals on this continent, if they have in the world.

The popularity of the Jubilees was fully shared by Prof. Giuseppe Vitale, who, with his magical violin, made the

birds sing as perhaps no other artist, save his great teacher, the late Ole Bull, has ever been able to do. Not less by his social qualities than by his most exquisite instrumentation, was Professor Vitale, yet a young man of twenty-five years, a decided favorite with the thousands of New England Chautauquans.

The Assembly proper opened on Wednesday morning with a Sunday-school Conference by Dr. Vincent, on "The Word of God." This lecture, which consisted of an extended exposition of the words, "Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly," was replete with most admirable and suggestive thoughts. At nearly the same hour the primary class, under Rev. L. R. Burgess of New York, the primary teachers' class, under Miss Jenny B. Merrill, the normal class, under Rev. J. R. Hurlburt, and also the musical classes, including adults and juveniles, under Prof. Holt, of Boston, were duly organized and put in motion. At first not a little disappointment was felt on account of the absence of those very popular and successful teachers of last year, Prof. R. S. Holmes—who had been announced in the programme—and "Pansy," Mrs. G. R. Alden. However, those who took the places of those beloved teachers, there is every reason to believe, filled them to the satisfaction of all.

Meantime it should be distinctly borne in mind that nearly, if not quite, all the downright hard work of the Assembly, especially in relation to Bible and Sunday-school study, is done in connection with these classes. Many people coming upon the grounds for only a day or two, and listening to the lectures and music, are led to think that but little thorough-going Sunday-school work and real Bible study are accomplished here. Let them go into and attend the daily sessions of the several classes, and they will receive an altogether different and a far more correct impression in regard to this matter. Some sixty or seventy persons connected with the normal department presented themselves finally for examination. How many actually passed, it remains yet to be seen. The opinion was quite freely expressed, I may here be permitted to observe, that a mistake was made this year in the preparation of examination topics and questions—that the latter were too technical in their character, and involved too many matters of mere date and detail. It is thought that these themes should rather relate to matters of Bible doctrine and evidence, to the great general facts of Bible and church history, as also to the practical methods of Sunday-school work.

Those of the former graduates of the normal department who were present—some sixty or more—organized as the Normal Union of the N. E. Assembly; Rev. W. R. Eastman, president, Rev. Wm. D. Bridge, secretary, and Rev. Wm. Full, treasurer. All alumni of this department become members of this association upon the transmission of a fee of twenty-five cents to the treasurer at Athol, Mass.

The most interesting proficiency was made by the members of the juvenile classes in music and Bible knowledge. The average church member, and even church standard-bearer, I feel sure, would have listened with open-eyed wonder to the answers elicited during this very brief term of instruction from the little folks concerning Bible history, the science of music, and Christian morals and doctrine.

Aside from this daily class-drill, which, as already suggested, constituted the essential basis of the Assembly work, the chief features of interest consisted in the lectures, concerts and addresses. There was little or no formal recreation—not even a model of Palestine to visit. True, there were brilliant fire-works on the first evening, the C. L. S. C. had their camp-fire, and there was one grand illumination, on which occasion the long rows of snow-white tents, myriads of Japanese lights, together with the happy, laughing crowds of young and old thronging the avenues, combined to give the place a look of enchantment, and to call to mind that delight of childhood, "The Arabian Nights Entertainment." Yet there was recreation—and none the less real and enjoyable because not sensuous, but intellectual and spiritual—derived from the diversity of occupations, the ever-changing and most rare entertainments, as also the delightful social life and intercourse incident to the various exercises and activities of the Assembly. Some one has well said of Browning's poetry that at the same time that he gives us pomegranates of thought to crack, he also rings bells of melody for our delight. This is precisely, as I understand it, Dr. Vincent's "Chautauqua Idea," and most successfully has he thus far realized it in the conduct of the N. E. Assembly.

It is a very common thing for Christians to pray that the Lord will add His blessings to their works, as if they went ahead and the Lord followed after. A Christian's daily prayer should be that he may know what the Lord would have him do. A Christian's daily work should be the doing of what the Lord sets him at. There is never any doubt about the blessing when that order of service is observed.—S. S. Times.

Huntsmen's Chorus, arranged by Francesca Berger; Imitation of a Music Box, by Emil Nebling.

CONTENTS.

Original Articles.	PAGE
Over the Sea.—The Printed Text of the Greek Testament.—The Apostles.—The New England Assembly for 1881.	289
India Delegated Conference.—Camp-meeting Prayers.—Correspondence.—Missionary Concert, October, 1881.—Educational Items.—OUR BOOK TABLE.	290
The Sunday-school.	
Temperance Education in Colleges.—Commercial Advertisements.	291
Editorial.	
Over the Sea. EDITORIAL ITEMS.	292
Notes from the Churches.	
BRIEF MENTION. Business Notices.—CHURCH REGISTER. Marriages and Deaths.—Advertisements.	293
The Family.	
Last Year (poem).—The Struggle of Growing.—The Sower (poem).—A Talk with the Girls.—The Old Ship (poem).—THE LITTLE FOLKS. Weezy's Samba. MISCELLANY. Darkened (poem). FOR YOUNG AND OLD. RELIGIOUS ITEMS.	294
Obituary.	
FARM AND GARDEN. Domestic Recipes.—Our Southern Educational Work.—Miscellaneous Items.—Advertisements.	295
The Week.	
Reading Notices.—Advertisements.	296

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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1881.

Life is in itself a priceless blessing because it implies opportunities for gaining ethical and spiritual qualities which are above price. But its value to the individual depends on the use to which he puts it. If he devotes it to selfish aims and sensual pursuits he perverts it into an indescribable curse. By sowing it with fleshly seed he will make it yield a harvest of corruption. If he consecrates it to the pursuit of spiritual excellency, to the service of Christ and humanity, it will yield him a harvest of divine felicity. What is the value of life to thee, O reader?

Occasional vacations and holidays are wholesome things for all persons of industrious habits. But with some of us, after a vacation, there is a feeling of reluctance to grapple again with the affairs of life. We are very much like those children who, after a holiday or vacation, dislike to go to school again. But the way for us to do is to plunge right into the discharge or whatever duties devolve upon us. The grace of God will endow us with courage and nerve for any and every service that is laid upon us, if we will only trust ourselves to its sustaining power.

Bishop Cheverus, the first Roman Catholic bishop of Boston, once opened his sermon by saying, "I am now addressing a congregation which has more thieves in it than any other assembled in this town." This plain speech, recorded by Hon. Josiah Quincy in his "Journal," was more truthful than conciliatory. But the bishop was a humorist, and his tone and manner probably so blunted the edge of his words that while they wounded no man's conscience, they excited a smile by the comicality of their expression. The bishop knew the tastes as well as the character of his audience. But his rude plainness is no model for a Protestant pastor, who may learn from Paul that courtesy should temper fidelity, and that the Christian pulpit is not the place for coarse humor, but for "sound speech that cannot be condemned, that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say" of the preacher.

William Grimshaw, one of Wesley's clerical coadjutors, was ordained and presented to a church before he was converted. One of his parishioners, awakened by Wesleyan preaching, asked Grimshaw how she was to find peace. "Put away your gloomy thoughts," said he, "go into merry company; divert yourself; all will be well at last." But the woman was too deeply wounded to be healed by any save Him whose arrow had pierced her soul. Hence, instead of seeking merry company, she went among the few spiritual followers of Wesley, and they guided her to the great Physician. Shortly after, Grimshaw himself found Christ. Then, going to her house, he said, "O Mary, what a blind leader of the blind was I when I came to take off thy burden by exhorting thee to follow vain amusements! But God in His mercy pardoned and blessed us. Blessed be His great name!" Grimshaw became as a tongue of fire after that; and it is through him and other Wesleyan co-workers, that since their times unconverted ministers have been, not the rule, but the exception, in all Protestant churches. The magnitude of this great mercy who can measure?

Madame de Staël, though by no means an authority on ethical and religious questions, was nevertheless an acute observer of human affairs. One of her observations on the uncertainties of life is eminently suggestive to all who are ambitious of wealth or pre-eminence. She says: "The single act of man which can always obtain its object, is the accomplishment of duty. The issue of all other resolutions depends on accidents with which even prudence can do nothing. The greater proportion of men never obtain that which they most strongly desire, and prosperity, even if they attain it, comes to them often in an unexpected way." This is the testimony of one of the queens of society whose sphere of observation was exceedingly wide, and whose insight was

remarkable. Its correctness may be disputed, but the phrase, "accomplishment of duty," being properly interpreted, cannot be disproved. Nothing is sure to any man but the attainment of a pure character through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. All else is as uncertain as the flight of a sea bird. How foolish, therefore, is he who bends all his forces of his mind to the achievement of the uncertainties of this brief life while neglecting the one grand certainty of human life—the attainment of Christian character and a heavenly crown.

OVER THE SEA.

We could only tell by the almanac that it was Sunday on the 14th of August, when we were in the city of Mayence, on the Rhine. With the opening of the day crowds commenced to pour into the city by immense trains upon the railroad and from numerous well-filled steamers. The city was all ablaze with flags. It was the occasion of a great Turnerfest—a celebration of athletic skill by hundreds of differently-uniformed clubs from the surrounding country. An immense procession of many thousands—with bands of music, with symbolic illustrations of art and different forms of manual and mechanical labor, especially with enormous beer or wine hogsheads, with many very tasteful designs that would have been particularly attractive on any other day—marched through the principal portions of the city. The streets were as full of people and of the sound of lively music, and as festive with crowded windows and sidewalks and fluttering pennons, as our city of Boston at its late two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. And this was the Christian Sabbath in a Christian city! Is this to be the outcome of our growing laxity in reference to the Sabbath in our once Puritan New England? After the procession came the exhibition of physical skill and gymnastics in an immense hall prepared for the purpose.

There were, indeed, at an early hour, religious services held in the churches. At the Lutheran church a large, intelligent, well-dressed audience was in attendance by eight o'clock A. M. The congregational singing there was very inspiring and in fine taste. The discourse was in German. There was no English service in the city. We attended at the Roman Catholic Cathedral—an immense and majestic structure, full of years and historical incidents, with remarkably fine pictures and sculptured statues of lordly ecclesiastics who had been also temporal rulers—and remained during the service. The robes of the officiating priests were magnificent, and the ceremonial quite imposing. The music by the organ and by the choir, with boys' voices, was peculiarly fine. There were more present in the audience than we had seen at any Catholic service in Italy; but the moment the bell announced the elevation of the host and the service of song had ceased, although the prayers continued, the congregation rapidly dispersed. We have, however, seen many in a Protestant congregation in New York city leave a church abruptly, after the richly-paid performance of the professional quartet, before the sermon, and it becomes us to be modest in criticism. The marked difference, however, between the two is seen in this pregnant fact: In the latter instance the floating audience came simply for the music; in the former, to be benefited by the fresh sacrifice of the Lord Jesus. When the host had been elevated, the work was done; the rest seemed superfluous.

Mayence is a brisk, old city, with evidences of modern *renaissance*. It has the honored and venerable former residence of Gutenberg—the accepted inventor of the use of movable types. A fine bronze statue of the great printer stands on a principal street of the city—a worthy tribute to his memory. It becomes an editor, and his patrons as well, to do him honor. His motto well affirms that his invention was not for himself or for one nation, but for all people. There is also a fine statue of Schiller in an adjoining street, with an almost inspired face. The city presses down closely upon the west side of the Rhine—a river here about as wide as the Connecticut at its mouth. Besides the high railroad bridge there is a notable bridge of boats that crosses it, sixteen hundred feet in length. It connects the city with Castel on the opposite bank. Mayence is the principal city in the grand-duchy of Hesse Darmstadt. It has strong fortifications and is full of uniformed soldiers, who ought to be engaged, for their own good and the real interests of the state and world, in a better business.

In our letter from Munich we forgot to refer to one very characteristic custom. The paternal government of Bavaria itself, in its interest in behalf of the citizens of the capital, runs an immense beer establishment. None of the beer, however, is sold off the premises, but all at its own

counters. At six o'clock P. M. the doors of the establishment are opened, and at a very small price all that apply are served. Five hundred are often drinking at a time. Each one takes a large stone mug, rinses it at the fountain, and for two or three cents has it filled, and repeats his purchase as often as he pleases. Immense pitchers and pails are also brought to be filled. The place is easily found at this hour by the crowds that flow down the streets with their mugs. They sit, with crusts of dry bread and their flowing vessels of beer, talking and laughing—all classes, ages and both sexes; well-dressed people and poverty-stricken; soldier and civilian. We bear witness to the universal good-nature and behavior of these crowds; but what is the effect upon the purse and person of these constant outlays of small sums, and the equally constant reception of large measures of this bitter liquid into the stomach, we have not sufficient data to say. We have seen bloated and diseased faces and forms enough in our tour, but we must confess we have seen few drunken people. Probably the police, which is omnipresent, takes immediate care of these. In addition to the "royal" brewery, there are beer gardens and wine stores in every portion of the city. Some of them are elegantly appointed, with the most attractive bands discoursing the finest music, and some looking, as low drinking saloons always do, like the very open door to perdition.

In passing on the railroad from Munich to Mayence, we hurried through and over a number of historical scenes. We caught a glimpse of the Gothic cathedral at Augsburg, where the Protestant powers presented their confession of faith to Charles the Fifth. We pass all around the city of Ulm, which is very strongly fortified; nature, by its peculiar site surrounded by hills, enabling this to be done. It was in this city—then, as well as now, a powerful fortress—that the Austrian General Mack, either through terror or fraud, yielded, without a shot, to Napoleon.

Without great expectations, we were more than gratified with our short visit in the ancient town of Heidelberg. It is finely situated in the valley of the Neckar, with precipitous heights close behind it. Its population is now reckoned at about twenty thousand, five thousand of whom are more or less permanent visitors. A new town of elegant hotels and boarding-houses has been built to meet this growing demand of strangers. It is very popular with Americans. There are always a number of residents from the United States here, and thirty or forty students in the University from the same country. It would appall some of our young collegians to look upon the one university building of the famous Heidelberg institution. It is simply an immense, unornamented, dingy white edifice, five stories high, with a square bell-tower on the centre of its roof, looking much like some gigantic, old, country town hall. It is purely devoted to lecture-rooms, with no modern appliances for comfort or scientific illustration. The rooms are in entire keeping with the exterior, and the musty smell that lingers behind, even in the vacation, is in harmony with all the other surroundings. It has only one thing that renders it venerable, and that is, it is nearly five hundred years old. But what a history it has! Money here has not been invested in bricks, but in brains. Heidelberg has enjoyed a high reputation for its lectures in law, in natural science, in philology and philosophy, but its glory seems somewhat departing. Emperor William is much inclined to build up the universities in his newly-acquired territory at Strasbourg, and in his capital at Berlin, at the expense of this historical institution. Several of its most noted professors have been removed to these institutions, and its students have dropped down from 1,300 to 600 or 700. It has an unenviable reputation as a duel-fighting university. The law is rigid against this, but the local administrators wink at its breach. The students are divided into different clubs, with caps of varied hues—orange, crimson, blue, etc. They are sworn foes to each other, and seek opportunities for provoking challenges to fight. They are carefully defended in their sword fights from fatal blows, but back and out each other's faces in a shocking manner. We saw many of them in the streets with long and deep scars upon their cheeks. These barbarous disfigurements are to them prized insignia of courage. The whole thing is a relic of barbarism that ought to be stamped out by forcible Christian and police discipline.

But the glory of Heidelberg is its grand ruin, on the height above the city. It is incomparably the grandest in Europe. The picture of the castle as it was in its prime shows it to have been as vast and magnificent as it was strong. The residence and stronghold of the electors and rulers of the province, it has brought down upon the city and itself a succession of destructive attacks. Its thick masonry was blown up by the French at the close of the seventeenth century, and when again repaired was rendered roofless by the lightning in the eighteenth, and has not been rebuilt. Its high façades—two of them of the richest Renaissance style of architecture, and one of them of English, facing the portion of the castle which Frederick the Fifth built for his English wife, the daughter of James the First—still stand, and many of the state rooms, with the chapels, preserve their proportions. From one of the high towers, still standing, a charming view is had of the whole city and the beautiful valley of the Neckar for many miles. The walls of the casemates are over twenty feet in thickness, and the cellars, for storing provisions during a siege, are immense. Here is the exhaustless well, three hundred feet deep in the mountain side; and here, to defend the thirsty princes from suffering when attacked, is the memorable great wine tun holding 300,000 bottles. It has been three times filled, but is dry enough now. An ivy, two hundred years old, with a trunk like a tree, spreads its kindly and beautiful mantle over the ruins. The guide offered us cuttings, but we fear the weeks before we reach home will be too severe a strain upon their vitality. It would be a singular and beautiful link between the centuries and the heights of Heidelberg, to see a branch from that memorable vine creeping up the modern sides of an American home.

Of no portion of a European tour has the imagination so vividly anticipated the real vision as of the sail down the Rhine. Poetry and picture have invested it with a thousand charms. It is the great river of central Europe, nearly eight hundred miles in length. It runs through the most interesting historical territory. Its banks are the sites of cities that have been renowned for centuries. In later years the additional picturesque of storied ruins has been added.

To one coming freshly from the sight of the immense rivers that plough their mighty channels through some of our States, its first view, if at Mayence, or above, is disappointing. It is, after all, quite a small stream, we are disposed to think, with a turbid current and not especially impressive banks. We involuntarily exclaim, "This scenery is not to be compared with that of portions of the Hudson River—the Palisades, West Point, or the neighborhood of the Catskills—and the volume of water is not as great." It is only between Bingen and Cologne that expectation begins to be satisfied and enthusiasm is awakened. In this space of about eighty miles the banks rise into rugged eminences, the river constantly winds around, presenting new and very striking views, and every cliff, almost, is marked by some ruined or repaired castle, or invested with some interesting legend. One should read a full guide-book of the Rhine before starting upon the sail down the stream, or have an intelligent and well-informed guide by his side. Nothing can exceed the picturesqueness of the site of many of these castles. Some are in absolute ruins, some are in a good state of preservation and covered with ivy, while others have been entirely restored and are the summer residences of royalty or the nobility. The legends give a special flavor to these views, such as that of the selfish and cruel Bishop Hatto, immortalized by Southey, whose singular memorial town is not far below Bingen; the tower of Roland, built on a high peak of the mountain to overlook the nunnery into which his bride had entered with the irrevocable vow upon her, through a false report of his death in battle; and the precipitous and sheer mountain top on which the massive ruins of the strong castle of Drachenfels raise their striking proportions, rendered forever memorable by the lines of Byron:—

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine."

The towns and cities along the banks all have some story of human interest, and are associated with noted names in German annals or recorded events in the progress of the world's history. War has crimsoned this beautiful valley, and the mountains have reverberated to the sound of the deadly struggles of contending armies. It is peaceful enough now. But all the large cities are still strongly fortified, and an army of soldiers is quartered in every considerable place. There are ten thousand of them in the city of Cologne. Down the whole length of the river, on both banks, outside of the towns, are grape vineyards running from the

edge of the river up to the mountain tops. The steep sides are carefully terraced with stone foundations, to improve every foot of soil. How the vines are made to grow so thriftily in such unpromising sites, does not readily appear. One would think wine enough could be made from the grapes to render the vile imitations in common use unnecessary; but the capacity for drinking, unfortunately, is much larger than even the abundant supply of generous nature.

There is no bridge across the river from Mayence to Coblenz. Here, however, are two elegant high bridges, with broad spans and a bridge of boats. The city of Coblenz itself has a fine appearance from the river steamer, with handsome buildings and parks lining the shore. The city of Bonn, also, invites the tourist to tarry and enjoy its excellent hotels and objects of interest. Especially to a student, its large and popular university offers peculiar attractions. Its buildings, very extensive in detail, were once a palace, and its library is both large and notable for its contents.

Some time before you reach Cologne, through the bends in the river, you see across the land the lofty towers of the great Cathedral. It dominates the whole city. The high houses and even church towers sink down beside its mighty proportions. We reluctantly leave the swift and neat steamer as we reach the city dock. The one which has brought us so rapidly from Mayence is one of the most popular on the river. Tourists have often paid it and its gentlemanly commander a deserved compliment. It is the "Wilhelm Kaiser and Koenig," Capt. C. J. Kluth, of Cologne.

Our time in Cologne was limited, but long enough to identify a few of the many pungent odors of which Coleridge wrote so memorably, the more attractive fragrance made by the true successor of John Maria Farina, and to visit the majestic Cathedral. Its foundations were laid in the beginning of the thirteenth century, but the *fête* that celebrated its completion occurred only a year or two since, and the staging is not yet all taken down. It was in a half-finished state until 1842, when the King of Prussia and of Bavaria began vigorously to aid in its completion, and collections were taken all over Europe for this purpose. It is the largest and most elegant illustration of the ornamented Gothic architecture in the world. You stand amazed at the immensity of the structure and the multitudinousness of its details. Its conception was an extraordinary flash of genius, and its execution has not been less astonishing. Its two high towers reach the height of 530 feet, and the two arms of the cross forming its naves are each equally long. It is a good strain upon the powers of vision to see from one end of the church to the other. The lofty pillars that sustain the vaulted roof seem like a forest of stone monuments, while those beneath the towers would of themselves supply material for the construction of an ordinary church. The only marked interior decoration is the fine painted windows—the gifts of kings and of various public associations. The choice treasures of the church, in the estimation of its custodian, are the silver vases and their contents, which, he affirms, contain the bones of the three wise men who came from the East and offered their tributes to the infant Christ! The Archbishop does not officiate in the cathedral. He is still recalcitrant to the authority of the land, refusing to be in any wise subordinate to the German government, and admitting no authority in the exercise of his episcopal jurisdiction but the Pope. He was arrested for his resistance to the law of the land, and does not now exercise the functions of his office. The state claims authority over the bishops, as church and state have never been separated, and the former is supported by the latter.

Of course we visited the church of the famous St. Ursula, into whose walls and throughout the building the bones of the 11,000 virgins have been built and distributed. There are bones certainly wherever the eye turns, and grinning skulls, some expensively ornamented, everywhere. The legend is that St. Ursula, a daughter of the English king, in the fourth century started on a pilgrimage to Rome with these 11,000 virgins who had taken the oath of perpetual chastity. On their return as far as Cologne, the place was attacked by the Huns, and rather than break their vow they were all murdered by the fierce warriors. In after years this church was built on the site of their massacre, and their bones were gathered up for preservation within its walls. Of course only a miracle secured their immunity so long from decay when in the earth.

But this is not more amazing than the other startling incidents of which the guardian of the church informs you. He shows you two of the thorns from the Saviour's crown, a portion of the bones of St. Stephen, and a broken vase that was one of the water-pots of Cana of Galilee, whose contents were changed into wine! He evidently believed what he said; and were not the evidences of the facts right before our eyes? If they were not what he affirmed, what indeed were they? Sure enough!

The ride, by cars, to Brussels, the capital of Belgium, is through a flat and highly-cultivated country. The lands were looking charmingly under the drenching rain. The first harvests were being gathered, and the land prepared for the second. We pass the noted cities of Aix-la-Chapelle, Louvain and Liege—the Pittsburgh of Belgium. This province of five millions, about as large as one of our States, under its King Leopold, is evidently in a very prosperous condition. Brussels is a beautiful city. It is called a miniature Paris. Its principal streets are broad, and are kept clean. Its public buildings are finely constructed. Its Bourse, its Hotel de Ville (City Hall), its new Hall of Justice (Court House), its Parliament House, are very striking structures. The court house is of immense size, of grand proportions and architectural effects. The palaces, galleries and museums are all worthy of notice and study. The pictures are largely by modern artists, but many of them are of a high order. The most noticeable are in the gallery of Weitz—an eccentric native artist, whose whole collection was bought by the government. Some of the most startling effects were the results of his strange and weird pencil. No one who has seen his Polyphemus, his Triumph of Gogol, his scenes from Grecian story, his illustration of the violence of the civilization of the nineteenth century, his Fall of the Angels from Paradise, and the Visions of Napoleon in Hell, will ever forget them. The pictures in the National Gallery are some of the most exquisite in execution. The most powerful one we remember was the Morning before the Crucifixion, with Judas looking upon the just completed cross of Christ. Such agony we never saw pictured on a human face.

The Cathedral is a massive and elegant building, begun in the thirteenth century, but restored and in a fine condition. It has within it the most elegantly carved pulpit in Europe, and a series of the finest marble sculptures of the passion of our Lord that we have yet seen.

But our chief remembrance of this city is connected with an excursion to Waterloo—only nine miles distant. It was in this city that the ball given by the Duchess of Richmond, rendered so noted by song, occurred, on the evening before the terrible fight. We found the noted scene of battle much as often described. It is a flat or slightly rolling country, now cultivated by continuous farms, for there are no fences in Europe. A high pyramidal mound, a hundred feet to its summit and very broad at its base, has been raised by taking fifteen feet of the soil of the field of battle, and piling it up in this form. On the summit is a stone monument surmounted by a bronze lion. This singular, artificial, conical hill marks the centre of the English line of battle. On its summit we stood while a government guide, in good English, pointed out the lines of the English and French armies, and related the progressive incidents in the memorable battle. There was a natural and very effective eloquence in the man's relation of the thrilling story, and we were fairly fascinated as it proceeded. The whole scene was brought vividly before us, and the chief points around which the whole fortunes of the day turned were immediately in our sight—the chateau of Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte. That striking word-picture of one of the most noted of the world's great battles will never entirely fade out of the memories of the company that stood near the lion monument on that sixteenth day of August.

Editorial Items.

The Ecumenical Conference at London opened auspiciously on the 7th inst. Meagre accounts of the proceedings thus far have been telegraphed to the secular papers, not very satisfactory as to detail, but sufficient to show that harmony prevails and that the programme as announced is being successfully carried out. We do not propose, even by a brief summary, to anticipate the extended report which will be given by the editor of this paper who is attending the sessions as a delegate. Our readers will be patient, we know, and in one or two issues at the farthest, we hope to furnish them with the first

installment. Meantime it may be proper to allude to one of the incidental results of the Conference—the general, and, as a rule, generous criticism of Methodism on the part of the secular and religious press. In England, not to mention others, the *Edinburgh Review* and *London Times* have given elaborate studies of the history, polity, and probable future of the great religious movement which started but little over a century ago at Epworth; and in this country it has furnished the subject of numerous editorials. The effect has been to bring the Methodist Church to the foreground, to fix the public eye upon it, to search into its methods and statistics, and measure its influence. It apparently stands the scrutiny well, for we find but little in our critics to criticize—so far as we have read them.

Next to the official bulletins from the President's sick room, and sometimes before them, the dispatches of Secretary Blaine to Minister Lowell have been most eagerly read by the people. Divested of all technical phrases, expressed in plain, intelligible English, pervaded with an evident honesty of purpose, and stating without evasion the precise condition of the sufferer at the moment, they have represented what the people most wanted—the judgment of the best-informed and nearest professional observer of the case. His personal friendship for the President and his position in the cabinet have entitled him to the confidence of the surgeon, and the family at the White House, and have inspired an unusual public respect for his statements. The national calamity has done much to bring to the surface the best qualities of our public men, to soften asperities of character and quicken the sensibilities. The ardent sympathy, and unwearied attentions, and dignified behavior, of the Secretary of State, entitle him to a share in the tenderness so universally cherished for the President whom he has so faithfully served.

Very seldom has a call from the State executive for the people to assemble for special prayer been honored with a more hearty and general response than on Thursday last, in this city. Between the hours of 10 and 12, business was, as a rule, suspended, the principal stores and offices were closed, while the churches were crowded to overflowing with our leading citizens joining fervently in the supplications to Almighty God for the preservation of the imperiled life of the nation's chief magistrate. And the summons to prayer in other States and cities have been followed by similar and devout observances. "Nothing in history," says *Harper's Weekly*, "is more beautiful than the chastened tenderness of the universal feeling." The American people have not lost faith in prayer. In every grave national exigency they turn with softened hearts and humble trust to the great Ruler of the universe, and they never seek in vain. The President's condition last week, up to Sunday, was such as to inspire renewed confidence. His successful removal to Long Branch, his rapid progress towards convalescence despite the fatigue of the journey and the extremely unfavorable weather, the reduction of the surgical force in attendance, the improved appetite and digestion, were all noted as confirmatory evidences of real improvement. New complications are becoming manifest at the opening of the eleventh week of prostration, which cause considerable anxiety, but the faith of the people, though tried, still holds, and effectual fervent prayer avails much.

The Ninth Annual Statement of the Bethany Institute, New York city, recently issued, is a commendable report of a successful year's effort in training women for Christian work. The aim of the Institute is to give special instruction to women who feel called to missionary labor of any kind, and to furnish them with appropriate fields. It has planted and fostered a great many enterprises of a religious and elevating character, has nearly two hundred graduates doing good work in different parts of the world, and thirty-six devoted women at present under instruction. The Institute is undenominational in character and evangelical in its methods. Earnest young women who are eager to consecrate their hearts and lives to the service of Jesus, but who see no opening and can find no opportunity, will find in this Institute their difficulties solved, just the equipment needed for successful work, and fields ready and opening as fast as they are prepared to enter them. The fall session has lately begun. Information will be cheerfully given by the superintendents, Rev. and Mrs. A. G. Rulifson, 69 Second Avenue, New York.

Northern Michigan was visited by forest fires last week which swept over a large section of country, sparing neither property nor life. Nine villages were wholly destroyed, and three others in part; and the calamity, so far as reported, involved the loss of at least three hundred lives and left fifteen hundred people homeless and destitute. Terrible incidents are given of fugitives trying in vain to flee from the swift tempest of flame, of entire families perishing, of heart-rending discoveries made by explorers in the region burned over, and of the impoverishment and despair of the survivors, who have been reduced, by a single stroke, from prosperity to penury. Without food, clothing, or shelter, their homes and harvests and stock all gone, their case is pitiable indeed, and appeals with peculiar force to the sympathies of the nation at large. Local measures of relief will be inadequate for a distress so extended and overwhelming as this. Arrangements will doubtless be made to secure contributions in this city, and we bespeak from our people a generous response.

There has been lately held in Islington, England, an exhibition of a very striking character, in the interests of the temperance movement. A large hall was secured, and abundantly supplied with non-alcoholic beverages. Flaming and sparkling drinks, in remarkable variety, but none of them containing an alcoholic stimulant, chemically prepared appetizers bearing names unknown on this side of the sea—"Zodone" and "Sparkling Rubine," for example—fruit syrups, mineral waters, were all on sale, and of the crowds that freely partook, not one went reeling home. Ladies were in attendance, and dispensed tempting cups of coffee, tea and chocolate, in the gaily-decorated stalls. A remarkable invention, known as the "National Effervescent Drink Fountain," offering to the thirsty every kind of aerated beverage, was exhibited in full operation. In connection with the "exhibition" various articles of domestic economy were offered for sale. No information comes to us of the originators of the enterprise, but it strikingly illustrates how to overcome evil with good.

The quarterly meeting of the New England Branch of the W. F. M. Society will be held in Wesleyan Hall, 36 Bromfield St., Boston, on Wednesday, Sept. 21, instead of the 14th, as erroneously stated in the previous notice. Miss Knowles, who is under appointment to Nyne Tal, Mrs. Wm. McDonald and Mrs. J. A. Wood, recently returned from India, and Mrs. Dr. Butler, are expected to be present. The regular meeting of the Branch executive committee will be held at 11 o'clock A. M.; the public meeting will begin promptly at 2.30 P. M.

BRIEF MENTION.

—Bishop Merrill has completed the manuscript of a new book, entitled "Aspects of Christian Experience."
—"Experimental religion," says Mr. Spurgeon, "is like a lily; it can be no sturdier; it must go on or come down."
—A secular journal published in Rome lately declared: "Rome will never be quiet until the Vatican carries its tents elsewhere."
—We hope to secure, in whole or in part, publication in our columns, Bishop Simpson's sermon before the Ecumenical Conference.
—The Mennonites dispute with all "canting" in securing a pastor for a vacant church, and settle the question by drawing lots.
—In the article on "Chaplain Brown" in our issue of Sept. 1, the name appeared as Rev. S. G. Brown; it should have read, Rev. I. G. Brown.
—Col. Ingersoll's lecture on "What must I do to be saved?" has been answered, across the sea, by Dr. Joseph Parker, in a strong, incisive pamphlet, entitled "Ingersoll Answered."

—The dampness of the summer has delayed the new building at Lowell Seminary. Perfect safety in its use, the opening of the school has been postponed to Sept. 22.
—On our second page will be found an interesting account of the proceedings of the first held Delegated Conference, from the pen of Rev. E. W. Parker.
—Dr. Bradley's appointment to the dean of Westminster is said to have been thought about by Mr. Gladstone's personal friend, Mr. John Lubbock, a conservative Churchman, and quite unlike the late Dean Stanley.
—The Free Church of Scotland has lost its ablest minister in the person of Rev. Andrew Sturges, who lacked only four years of being a century. His ordination to the gospel ministry occurred seven years before the battle of Waterloo.

—Dr. Talmage's church received the largest addition to membership of any Presbyterian church in the United States last year, but made no contribution to any of the missionary or benevolent societies of the church—"a surprising and painful fact," says the *Presbyterian*.
—A new life of Rev. A. Judson, the eminent missionary, is to be prepared by his son, Rev. Edward Judson, who lately resigned his pastorate in Orange, N. J., to labor as a missionary in New York City.
—Rev. Elias Nason enters the lecture field with a new line of topics, admirably adapted to lyceum and church courses. He may be addressed at North Billerica, Mass., or at the Tourjee Lyceum Bureau, Music Hall.

—Mr. L. P. Mowrey, of Sadoway, Vt., who has been a subscriber for Zion's Herald since the first number was issued, in January, 1842, called at our office last week. We were glad to greet such an old and faithful patron. May he live many years to welcome the weekly visits of the Herald!

—Dr. Gray, writing to the *Interior* from Europe, speaks of the chair in Westminster Hall in which all the monarchs since King Edward have sat to receive the crown, and of a trumpeted old piece of furniture, which could not be sold in a second-hand store for twenty-five cents.
—Sidney Lanier, the poet, and professor of literature in Johns Hopkins University, is dead. He wrote the ode for the centennial celebration at Philadelphia five years ago, and was the author of several volumes. His age was 30.

—George William Curtis made a strong point, in his lecture on civil service reform before the Social Science Association, in declaring that the movement did not originate with present friends, but had its birth over a hundred years ago, and is simply "a realization of the purposes of the fathers of the republic."

—A finely-printed programme of the York-Town Centennial Celebration, Oct. 19, with names, rates, and methods of transportation, routes, and character of accommodations for visitors, etc., has been received from W. R. Larned, passenger agent, 306 Washington Street.
—The opening exercises of the Fourteenth Triennial Exhibition of the Charitable Mechanical Association, in their new building on Huntington Avenue, occur on the morning we go to press (Tuesday); the preparations indicate the finest and most varied display thus far given.

—Among the hopeful signs in Germany, noted by Rev. Joseph Cook, is the decline in the number of theological students attending the lectures of rationalist professors. There are only twenty-four theological students at the University of Heidelberg, "while evangelical Berlin has 230, evangelical Halle 304, and hyper-evangelical Leipzig, 437."

—The cost of the Afghan war to England, according to Lord Hartington, was £23,412,000, or over a hundred million dollars, to say nothing of the suffering and loss of life—and what came of it?
—The special committee in charge of "Rides for Invalids"—one of the branches of the benevolent work of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, Boylston Street—report as the results thus far of this eighth season of this special charity: "To Sept. 1, 1,125 carriage rides have been given to invalids, and in addition to the above, 1,000 carriages and 900 harbor tickets have been distributed."

—While on her way to Providence, Miss Maria Mitchell, Professor of Astronomy at Vassar, learned of the appearance of the last comet. With characteristic decision she returned to Poughkeepsie, took observations during five evenings, and on the sixth, finding an apple tree in her line of vision, had it felled, and completed her work with success and satisfaction.

—The Chicago *Inter Ocean* contains a well-written description of the Northwestern University, its spacious grounds, numerous schools, large endowment (of more than a million dollars), extensive libraries (25,000 volumes and 8,000 pamphlets) and other facilities, and a warmly appreciative notice of its new president, Dr. Cummings, towards whom the greatest respect and confidence are felt.

—Herr Brugsch has been appointed by the Khedive of Egypt to take charge of the excavations in the ancient necropolis of the Egyptian kings at Thebes. Besides the mummies, alluded to in our last issue, 3,700 statues have been found, and four papyrus, statues in length, which, it is believed, will supply the gaps in our present knowledge of early Egyptian history.

—Bishop Peck writes in the *Northern* of some of the "queer things" he has met abroad: "He has traveled 'beyond the negroes'—none there where he is; beyond the Irish, too; beyond bonnets; beyond carpets; he has preached for months in Conferences where he could not understand a word; and has not been able to find a bed in Europe large enough for two persons—"for one full-grown man" even.

—Mrs. Livermore, in the *Woman's Journal*, relieves Queen Victoria from the responsibility of interfering with the admission of female physicians to the International Medical Congress, and lays the whole blame on Sir William Jenner, the court physician.

—An old New York landmark, the Washington Hotel, on the Battery, is to be replaced by a handsome ten-story edifice bearing the same name. The old building was erected in 1742 by a British admiral for his private residence, and under its roof lived at different times Lord Cornwallis, Lord Howe, Generals Washington and Clinton, Prince Talleyrand and Major Andre.

—The following slip has been handed to us: "It is a good time for the alumni of the Wesleyan Academy to respond to the call to pay off the debt which now rests on this institution. Who will be one of a hundred to give a hundred dollars each and help pay ten thousand dollars before Christmas? Do not stop with a hundred dollars if you are able to do more, but make as large a donation as possible."

The season has arrived when an effort should be made to increase the circulation of the Herald. We wish to call special attention to the announcement of the publisher in another column.

All who desire to visit the White Mountains and enjoy the unrivaled scenery of that region, will have an opportunity of doing so at a comparatively slight expense. Our active Methodist friend, Mr. Fred Wilcomb, of Ipswich, has arranged with the Eastern Railroad for an excursion next Tuesday (Sept. 20) to Fabyan's and return—from Lynn, Salem and Beverly for \$3.50; from Ipswich and Newburyport, for \$3.00; from Fabyan's to the summit of Mt. Washington and return \$3.00. Those who wish to go to the Profile House can do so for two dollars extra. Though Mr. Wilcomb arranged this excursion for the citizens of Ipswich and the towns in that vicinity, he will be pleased to have all who wish. Passengers can take either train on Tuesday. The 1.30 P. M. train from Boston is doubtless the quickest and most agreeable train. Tickets for the excursion will be good until Saturday, Sept. 24. It will be noticed that the price of tickets is less than one-half the usual excursion rates. Arrangements have also been made with the hotels to entertain the excursionists at a greatly reduced charge. If further particulars are wanted, write to Mr. Fred Wilcomb, Ipswich, Mass.

Notes from the Churches.

MASSACHUSETTS.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

Preachers' Meeting.—An address by Rev. V. A. Cooper, of Chelsea, upon "Repentance," will be the order of the day next Monday at 11 o'clock.

Personal.—Rev. L. B. Bates conducted religious services on board the "Empire State," on its expedition to the North Star on Thursday last, the day appointed by the Governor for prayer for the President.

Rev. Daniel Steele, D. D., delivers the fourth in the course of the B. Y. M. C. A. Bible lectures, upon "The New Version," Sept. 29. Prof. L. T. Townsend, D. D., lectures in the same course, Oct. 13, upon "The Bible and Modern Science."

Rev. Dr. Crowell spent last Sabbath with the East Boston church and Broadway, Chelsea. He finds the Island Ward doing nicely, and an excellent congregation welcomed him at Chelsea. They have been very acceptably supplied by Brother F. Keyes. Their prospects brighten.

Rev. A. A. Waite, whose "Glad Tidings" tabernacle has become familiar to Newburyport, Boston, Lynn, and elsewhere, is now at Lynn, and is raising money to erect a more permanent edifice. He desires it distinctly understood that he is entirely independent of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was until lately a member, and held a license to preach; the license has run out, and he has formally withdrawn from membership.

Prayers for the President.—In accordance with the proclamation of Gov. Long, our churches very generally held services either as union meetings with other denominations, or separately. Several of these were of a very interesting character. Among them we note services in Monument Square (Charlestown district), Walnut Street (Chelsea), First St. Paul's and Maple Street (Lynn), Malden, East Cambridge, Natick, Waltham, Central and St. Paul's (Lowell), and at the factory of W. H. Hazlett & Co., East Cambridge.

Boston, People's Church.—The indefatigable pastor, Rev. J. W. Hamilton, has a large list of lecturers, singers, readers, etc., with which to fill out lecture courses for churches and communities. From this array of talent

may be selected the greatest variety and the full measure of both the entertaining and the profitable. Probably no lecture bureau can supply so fine an assortment on so favorable terms.

Malden.—Nine were received from probation and one was baptized at the last communion.

Townsend.—Five were received in full and two baptized, Sept. 4. The evening prayer-meeting was very interesting, and the consecration service after the meeting was a time of victory.

Springfield, Trinity.—Rev. Joseph Scott supplies the pulpit during the absence of the pastor on his vacation. The regular weekly meetings of the ministers of Springfield and vicinity were resumed last week Monday.

Westfield.—Rev. F. Woods is spending his vacation in the woods of Maine. Photographer Coleman married Miss Belle Holton at East Hartford, Conn., recently. Miss H. has been one of the teachers in the high school.

West Springfield.—The pastor, Rev. L. W. Staples, has also been in the Maine woods, recruiting.

Florence.—Ten were received into the church here (Rev. G. E. Sanderson, pastor), last Sabbath—nine from probation and one by letter. One was baptized.

Oxford.—The mother and wife of Rev. P. C. Sloper, who were injured by a carriage accident near Webster, Aug. 15, are now convalescent. The Sunday-school, under the superintendence of Brother Franklin Blodgett, is making steady progress. The Sabbath congregations increase, the finances are in a healthy condition, and spiritual prosperity is looked for.

Chicopee.—Rev. A. Gould has stood by his guns while all the other Protestant churches have been closed. He is not one to neglect his people. We are happy to learn that his daughter Jennie has entered Smith College, Northampton.

Chicopee Falls.—We are glad to be able to record that the pastor, Rev. D. S. Coles, has so far recovered that he was able to resume his pulpit labors, Sept. 4.

Southampton.—Rev. E. Higgins finds much encouragement among this kind people. The interest in the cause which his parish exhibits, the numbers in attendance, and the kindly relations subsisting between pastor and people, give promise of much good. He has enjoyed his vacation among his friends in eastern Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

W.
—The work of one of the pastors of Boston in August: Pastoral calls, 100—among the sick 77; funerals, 61; marriages, 10; baptisms, 10; Sabbath school, 10. At 9 o'clock, prayer-meeting; at 10.30 and 3, preaching; at 1.30, Bible school; at 6, young people's meeting; at 7, praise, prayer and conference meeting; and two Sabbath afternoons at 9 o'clock P. M. The pastor did the preaching except when preaching some where else, and then furnished good and faithful men as supplies. During the month he preached at five camp-meetings, traveled two thousand miles, and had the pleasure of seeing more than 250 souls coming to Christ. To God be all the glory!

MAINE.

PORTLAND DISTRICT CAMP MEETING.

This camp-meeting at Martha's Grove, Fryeburg, opened last week, Sept. 5, under the superintendence of Rev. J. C. Clark, the singing elder of Portland district. Brother Clark is assisted by a large corps of his preachers and several from other districts. The camp-meeting proper was succeeded by an enthusiastic temperance meeting under the direction of that indefatigable temperance worker, Rev. J. Collins, who is president of the county temperance organization, assisted by Rev. Geo. Perkins, Neal Dow and others. Earnest preparatory sermons were preached on the camp-ground on Sunday, Sept. 4, by Rev. G. C. Andrews on "The Victory of Faith," Rev. Mr. Montgomery, of Pennsylvania, on "Quench not the Spirit," and by Rev. Dr. Pratt on "The Holy Ghost." Rev. Thomas Harrison, who was secured by the association to assist in the services of the meeting, came on the ground Monday, and at once took direction of the altar services.

Rev. S. F. Wetherbee preached Tuesday morning, on Isaiah 27: 5, Rev. C. W. Bradley in the afternoon on "Paying Vows," and Rev. D. W. LeLachur in the evening on "He saved others, Himself he could not save." Wednesday morning, Rev. J. A. Corey preached on Deut. 20: 19. Mr. Harrison conducted the afternoon services, and in his wonderful manner rallied the church to the work of the Master. Wednesday evening, Rev. M. C. Pendexter preached a short sermon on Acts 17: 6, which was followed with an altar service conducted by Mr. Harrison, in which the power of the old-time camp-meeting was displayed. Sobs and groans were heard all through the camp. The service continued for three hours, and a great victory was gained. Thursday morning was devoted mainly to a prayer-service for the recovery of President Garfield. Addresses were made by Revs. C. Clark, D. B. Randall and Dr. Teft, and prayers were offered by Drs. Teft and Mason, and Revs. I. Lord and S. F. Wetherbee. Rev. Dr. McKewen preached a very impressive and eloquent sermon Thursday afternoon, on the "Prodigal Son." The doctor gives no signs of a foreigner, but by the heartiest co-operation in every good work, and the most cordial sympathy with all his brethren, shows himself to the master hand. Mr. Harrison took the evening service, and many came forward for prayers.

Friday, at 9 A. M., a love-feast was held at the stand, after which Dr. Teft preached on "The Resurrection Body." Up to this writing, nothing definite can be stated as to the results of the meeting, but the people are in an attitude of expectancy, and we can confidently look for wonderful displays of God's power among the people. Mr. Harrison is accepted as a man of God, with wonderful gifts for the work of an evangelist.

Rev. F. Grover received six persons into full membership with the M. E. church at Bridgton last Sabbath, and received one on probation. Nearly \$50 worth of new books have just been added to the Sunday-school library.

Rev. Dr. McKewen baptized three persons last Sabbath, and received seven into the church. A good revival interest is prevailing in the church. Several manifested a desire for salvation last Sunday evening after a stirring exhortation by Mr. Harrison. The doctor preached an earnest and effective sermon on "Revivals" last Sunday afternoon.

CONNECTICUT.

The camp-meeting at Willimantic, Conn., was a season of refreshing to many of God's people. The weather was fine, and the attendance good. Brother Turner presided at the organ, Brother Wilson had charge of the choir, and Dr. Talbot carried of the meeting. The following brethren preached, in the order in which their names appear: Anthony, Brown, Sherman, Brewster, Ayers, Oldham,

Rich, Taylor, Tinker, Kingsley, Keppel, Palmer, Dyson, Ela (David), Morse (G. A.), Bray, Gould (J. B.), Causey, Hamilton (J. B.), Montgomery, and Conant. The sermons, as a whole, were clear, thoughtful presentations of gospel themes. Some of them were eloquent, nearly all of them were above the average. We know of no camp-meeting where you will hear such good preaching as at Willimantic. If it had had more directness and laid hold of the conscience more, it would have been an augmentation of its power. A sermon on the fearful nature and awful consequences of sin would have been in order.

The meetings in the tents were hardly as numerous this year as usual. Those who held meetings sustained them. The children's meeting at one o'clock was well sustained. Quite a number of the children gave good evidence of conversion. The work of the conversion of sinners and sanctification of believers went steadily forward all through the meeting. One grand, aggressive, united effort on the part of all God's people would have greatly increased the number of the saved. As a whole, probably there never was a better meeting held on the ground. We hope that the churches will reap a rich harvest of souls as a result of the meeting.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in connection with this gathering was very interesting. Mrs. Dr. Butler made a fine address, and they took up a collection for incidental expenses of some \$50.
The annual meeting of the Camp-meeting Association elected Dr. Talbot president, Rev. L. W. Blood, vice-president, Rev. Walter Ela, secretary, and Huber Clark, esq., treasurer. Members of the executive committee for three years: U. S. Gardner, esq., Rev. D. L. Brown, E. H. Hall, esq.; trustees, Rev. W. W. Brewster, Dr. Talbot's administration in conducting the meeting was kind, dignified and practical.
The friends at Mystic Bridge have put a finely-toned bell in their tower from a nee's Foundry, Troy, N. Y.

W. F. M. SOCIETY.
Tuesday, Aug. 30, the Willimantic camp-meeting auxiliary of the W. F. M. S., held a meeting in the auditorium at 10 o'clock. Through the courtesy of Dr. Talbot, presiding elder, the afternoon service was postponed half an hour, that the people might enjoy hearing Mrs. Dr. Butler speak of women's work in India and Mexico. Notwithstanding the extreme heat, the large congregation listened attentively for nearly an hour, evincing the deepest interest. At 6 P. M. Mrs. Butler talked in the Stafford Springs house. The shortness of the hour was the sole cause for regret. This visit of our sister to Connecticut will long be remembered by those who heard her earnest words.
Wednesday, the annual meeting of the auxiliary was held. A letter was read from our missionary, Miss Lucella Kelley, thrilling in its descriptions of the suffering of women in India, as witnessed by her.
The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Rev. G. W. Brewster; vice-president, Mrs. Robbins Patton; recording secretary, Mrs. Rev. W. A. Luce; corresponding secretary, Miss Emma J. Benton, Nantucket; treasurer, Mrs. E. E. Colver, North Manchester. The amount raised this year will be in advance of any previous year. An encouraging feature was the enthusiasm of the children, who were eager for nice boxes, that they might gather the pennies and bring them up next year to the camp-meeting, to be appropriated for an orphanage or school as needed. Over fifty nice boxes were sold for this purpose.
We can count a number of local auxiliaries formed within the past five years, which owe their existence to interest growing out of the camp-meeting auxiliary.

M. C. J.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Gleanings.—Rev. E. M. Grant, Universalist pastor at Portsmouth, resigns to accept a call from Stamford, Conn.

Rev. Joseph Fawcett, formerly of this Conference, is doing good service as a Congregationalist pastor. The church he has been supplying the past year are entirely satisfied with his services, and have made an arrangement with him for another year.

The M. E. Church at Henniker is prosperous under the leadership of Rev. Mr. LeScur. The church building is to be extensively improved, and also the grounds. A furnace for heating is to take the place of the old one, which has stood as they are for nearly a half century, and the interior of the building is to be greatly changed for the better.

Two new church buildings are to be erected in Dover at once. A wealthy man builds a church for the Universalists, which will be a fine structure, and the Second Adventists are to build a neat chapel. The former have held no services for some time. The latter worship regularly in a hall. The gift to the Universalists is promised upon their sustaining regular preaching.

The Methodist of Hudson have been presented with a beautiful new cabinet organ—of George Woods' best—by a lady of the church. The gift has delighted everybody, and all are full of gratitude to the donor. The Sunday evening following the reception of it, a very enjoyable praise service was held. The church is prospering finely, and the labors of the pastor, Rev. C. W. Taylor, are highly appreciated.

Rev. A. F. Baxter of Colebrook, deserves the sympathy of his brethren. In the great affliction which has befallen him. By an accident, recently, his eyes were injured, and he narrowly escaped the loss of his sight. And now the intelligence comes of the death of his wife. She was an estimable Christian woman, and was in every respect a helpmate to her husband, who has met with an immeasurable loss. Her age was 33 years, and she leaves several small children. She is affectionately remembered by the different churches of the Conference which Mr. Baxter has served as pastor.

A growing interest prevails at North Grantham and at Grantham, under the faithful labors of their pastor, Rev. J. W. Bean, who holds regularly four services every Sabbath. Elderly have joined the church on probation, and on Sunday Sept. 4, a large congregation gathered by the water and five solemnly put on Christ by baptism—one by sprinkling and four by immersion. Others are following their way to the anxious seats and to Christ.

VERMONT.

Reports of gracious awakenings and promising revivals reach us from many places through the Conference. We hope to be able to give details as the brethren report more definitely.

At Woodstock, several have been recently converted, and ten have been received into the church. Brother L. L. Beaman is the happy and hopeful pastor. Pastor and flock are specially happy in each other.
A Sunday-school convention occurs at Wardsboro', the 14th and 15th insts., in which several of our pastors in that vicinity have assignments.

Business Notices.

Drs. Strong's Remedial Institute,
and well-known Popular Summer Resort, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y. First-class in patronage, appointments, and location. Table a specialty. Turkish, Russian, Roman, Electrical, and all other Baths.

It's hard to believe Miss Whittier was cured of such terrible sores by Hood's Sarsaparilla, but reliable people prove it.

If you have any skin diseases or diseases of the hair or scalp, any itching or discolorations, sunburns, freckles, pimples, rough or dry harsh skin, you have in Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure, a sure and perfect and elegant remedy. Sold by all druggists.

The only combination of the true Jamaica Ginger with choice aromatics, for correcting indigestion, flatulency, regulating the stomach and bowels, breaking up colds, chills, and fevers, is **SANFORD'S GINGER**. For relieving colds and rheumatic pains, preventing malarial fevers and promoting sleep, it is truly wonderful. Ask for **SANFORD'S**.

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Min. Assn. of Eastern Division Providence and North Providence districts, meets at—
Phenix, R. I., Oct. 3-5
Eastern Connecticut Ministerial Association, at Hazardville, Oct. 10-12

NOTICE.—The Houlton Methodist Church will be reopened on Sunday, Sept. 18—the Sunday following the Houlton camp-meeting. Revs. W. W. Marsh, of Bangor District, and Theodore Gerrish, of Bangor, will conduct the services. Free entertainment for all ministers attending the reopening exercises. A. A. LEWIS, Pastor.

NOTICE.—Preachers who expect to attend the Ministerial Association at Phenix, Oct. 3-5, please notify me at once. W. J. SMITH, Phenix, R. I.

THE SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT (V.) MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION will hold two meetings this fall, as last year—the first one at Hartford Centre, Sept. 26-30, and the second one at East Dover, Oct. 3-7.

1. RELIGIOUS SERVICES AT THEFTOWN CENTRE.—Preaching, Monday evening, by A. J. Hough; Tuesday afternoon, by L. O. Sherburne; Tuesday evening, S. S. Anniversary. Speakers—J. S. Little, G. E. Smith, A. S. Maxham. Preaching, Wednesday afternoon, by L. L. Beaman; Wednesday evening, by P. M. Frost; Thursday afternoon, by E. W. Culver; Thursday evening, by P. T. Frost. Friday afternoon, District Love-feast. Friday evening, preaching by H. Webb. (Programme of the East Dover meeting next week.)

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

ROCKLAND DISTRICT.
SEPTEMBER.
Dundee, 17, 18. Sheepscot Bridge, 24, 25.
Arrowsic, 17, 18. East Vassalboro', 24, 25.
Clinton, 24, 25.

OCTOBER.
Waldoboro', 1, 2. Boothbay, etc., 15, 16.
Whitcomb, 1, 2. South Dresden, 22, 23.
Whitfield, 8, 9. Seabrook, 22, 23.

NOVEMBER.
Bristol, 6, 7. Troy, 13, 14.

LEWISTON DISTRICT—SECOND AND THIRD QUARTERS.
(Continued.)

OCTOBER.
1 and 2, Sat. p.m. and 10 and 16, Sat. p.m. Sun.
Sun. a.m. North 10, Sun. p.m. and evening.
Auburn, 10, Sun. p.m. and evening.
2, Sun. p.m. and eve'g. 22 and 23, Richmond.
Turner Village, 22 and 23, Gardiner.
3 and 3, Ore's Island. 29 and 30, Gardiner.

PORTLAND DISTRICT—SECOND AND THIRD QUARTERS.
(Continued.)

SEPTEMBER.
18, a.m. West Newfield, 23, Island Church.
19, a.m. Newfield.

OCTOBER.
2, Maryland Ridge, 23, a.m. Pine St.
3, Fryeburg and Stone, 23, p.m. Woodfords.
16, a.m. Conway Centre, 23, Cornish.
18, p.m. North Conway.

(Reschedule next week.)
C. J. CLARK.

THE ORIENT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION will hold its next session at Calais, Oct. 17-19.

PROGRAMME.
1. Monday evening, preaching by A. J. Lockhart.
2. Tuesday evening, services as pastor may direct.

ESSAYS: 1. The Resurrection of Christ, W. Williams; 2. What Advantages has the Station over the Circuit System? M. L. Crawford; 3. Pastoral Elements of Pulpit Success, W. W. G. Gown; 4. Bible Idea of Mission, Brown, Robinson; 5. The Church and Temperance, Allen, Wilkins; 6. Revivals, Gardner, Lockhart; 7. Scriptural Benediction, Bridgman, Day.

J. W. DAY.
In Quinry, Sept. 5, by Rev. S. Kelley, Thomas Matthews to Miss Jennie King, both of G. H. Staffordville, Conn. Sept. 8, Rev. James Traskie, Geo. L. Chaffee to Ida B. Rogers, both of S. H. Staffordville, Conn. Sept. 8, Rev. James Traskie, Geo. L. Chaffee to Ida B. Rogers, both of S. H. Staffordville, Conn. Sept. 8, Rev. James Traskie, Geo. L. Chaffee to Ida B. Rogers, both of S. H. Staffordville, Conn.

FAST MAINE CONFERENCE—ROCKLAND DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.—The next meeting will be held at Camden, Oct. 17-19. Preaching, Monday evening, by A. A. Moreien; Tuesday evening, by C. S. Stone.

Tuesday, 8.30 A. M., Devotional Exercises. At 1.30 p.m., reports of their respective charges by the pastors.

ESSAYS: 1. How shall We Increase the Attendance upon our Sunday Services? Smith, Tunncliffe, Baker; 2. Sabbath Observance, Hancock, Sawyer, Byrne; 3. Wherein and to What Extent was Christ Our Example? Boynton, Whitcomb; 4. The Causes and Cure of Lukewarmness and Backsliding in the Church? Gross, Crosby; 5. The Relation of the Holy Spirit to the Work of Saving Men, Edridge, Beale, Leonard; 6. Is It Expedient to Ordain Women to the Work of the Ministry? Dunn, Morelen, Lamb; 7. Do the Scriptures Justify us in Believing that the Great Mass of Nominal Christians will be Saved? Jewell, Handy; 8. Personal Effort—Its Importance and Methods, Haskell, J. R. Clifford, Simonton; 9. Hindrances to Spiritual Growth in the Churches, Mitchell, W. J. Clifford, Beckmore; 10. Should the New Version be Adopted in Place of the Old? Arce, Stone, A. J. Clifford.

EXERCISES: 2 Cor. 4: 7, Chase, Church; James 1: 27, Prescott, Wentworth.

For the Committee,
B. C. WESTWORTH.

N. E. METHODIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—The regular meetings will be resumed at Wesleyan Hall, on Monday next, Sept. 19, at 2.30 P. M. Rev. Dr. Dorchester, D. D., will read an historical sketch of Rev. S. A. Cushing. The Directors will meet at 2 P. M., sharp. GEO. WHITAKER, Sec'y.

THE N. E. ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF HOLINESS has engaged Wesleyan Hall for meetings Monday afternoon from 2 to 4, beginning Sept. 26.

Marriages.

In Boston, at the People's Church parsonage, Aug. 1, by Rev. J. W. Hamilton, Rev. Dr. W. W. Marsh, of New York City, to Miss Louisa L. Cutter, of New London, Conn.; Aug. 8, John Whiteley, of New London, Conn., to Miss Mary C. Angell, of New London, Conn.; Aug. 15, George S. Heur, of Ashburham, to Miss Marie L. Pierson, of Canada; Aug. 17, Henry W. Decker, to Miss Mary C. Hargett, both of Edgemoor; Aug. 18, Francis T. Goodwin, to Miss Annie Owen, both of B. A. Aug. 18, Andrew Degrax, of Belgium, to Miss Abbie L. Canfield.

In Lynn, Sept. 3, by Rev. F. H. Folway, Harry A. Whitcomb to Mary E. Sutherland, both of L. In Quincy, Sept. 3, by Rev. S. Kelley, Thomas Matthews to Miss Jennie King, both of G. H. Staffordville, Conn. Sept. 8, Rev. James Traskie, Geo. L. Chaffee to Ida B. Rogers, both of S. H. Staffordville, Conn. Sept. 8, Rev. James Traskie, Geo. L. Chaffee to Ida B. Rogers, both of S. H. Staffordville, Conn.

Deaths.

In Portland, Me., Sept. 6, Sarah A. Hinckley, wife of Henry Hinckley, aged 74 years.
(Much of our church correspondence is unavoidably crowded out to our next issue.)

Zion's Herald

FOR THE YEAR 1882.</

The Family.

LAST YEAR.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

I've been counting the ships on the sea, love,
As you and I counted last year;
And I've read the same poem that you, love,
Read aloud the day we were here.
It was all about death and disaster,
A ship that went down in a gale;
As you read my heart beat the faster,
And the rose on your cheek turned pale.

I can find nothing now in the verse, love,
Nor aught in the ships on the sea,
Though I've read, and I've counted, and tried,
To love,
To make them seem fair without thee.
Oh, the joy of the world that September!
The beauties of sea and of sky;
I am wondering if angels remember,
Or if they forget when they die.

I remember the castles you built, love,
I said they were "castles in Spain";
And you made this reply to the doubt, love,
Which I think of again and again:
"Every wish of my life has been granted,
And my dreams have always come true;
And now must I be disenchanted,
When building a castle for you?"

I am looking away out to sea, love,
And thinking of all you have said;
And am wondering how it can be, love,
That I am on with you with you dead.
The sea-gulls are screaming about me,
The breakers dash high on the shore;
And I cry, how can I live without me,
When nothing could part us before?

I have counted the vessels again, love,
As you and I counted last year;
And I've turned down the leaf at the page,
Love,
You read aloud the day we were here.
O my darling, if angels remember—
And sometimes I think it must be—
You'll live over that day in September,
That beautiful day by the sea.

THE STRUGGLE OF GROWING.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

"I don't know why I should have
such a careless, awkward girl," said
Mrs. Taylor, in a loud, severe tone,
snatching the remains of a china cup
from her daughter's hands.

"I don't know why I should have
such a mother," replied the girl, her
face flushing scarlet. "If you
weren't my mother, I believe I should
hate you."

Upon this terrible speech Mary
Taylor ran precipitately to her own
room, buried her face in the bed, and
sobbed as if her heart would break.

This was one of many similar
scenes, though never before had Mary
gone so far in her frenzied indignation.

"I would do anything for mother,"
she said to herself, after a little, wiping
the tears from her swollen face,
"if she would only be pleasant to
me. I don't believe I'm her own
child; I believe she adopted me
when I was a baby. Mothers can't
help loving their own children, but
I'm sure she don't love me."

At that moment a humming-bird
flashed by the window, and poised
himself upon a honeysuckle, darting
his needle-like bill into the dainty
little tufts.

"Oh, the lovely darling!" ex-
claimed Mary, clasping her hands in
ecstasy; and for full five minutes she
forgot all her troubles in watching
the exquisite little creature.

This was Mary—a passionate
lover of love, of beauty, and har-
mony. There are avenues to all
hearts. To reach this girl's sym-
pathies, one must go by the way of
love and loveliness.

There was a certain Mrs. Arnold
who lived just across the meadows
from the Taylor's. She was a "poor
widow," yet one of those women who
are "rich in faith." This I do not
mean in any cant sense. She had
faith in the soul and the realm of soul.
She did not live for the body merely;
and though her little home was ex-
quisitely orderly and filled with bits
of cheap beauty—for beauty can be
had at little cost—yet, above all,
and far more than all, there were se-
renity and peace filling the at-
mosphere like rare fragrance. To this
sweet refuge Mary Taylor loved to
go when it was possible, to escape
from the work and the babies at
home. To Mrs. Arnold she went for
a little while at sunset of the day
on which our sketch opens. The tired
girl sighed with a feeling half re-
lief, half pain, as she came in sight
of the tiny home. The bit of yard
enclosing the wood-colored house was
filled with old-fashioned flowers laid
out in quaint beds and borders.
There were June pinks, and blue-
bells, and fleur-de-lis, and the pure
white star of Bethlehem, and roses of
many varieties, for the dear old lady
loved roses with all her heart. And
who that loves beauty does not love
roses? The very spirit of fairydom
dwells in a rose-bush. When a rose
blooms, it is as if a princess from
Lilliput deigned to show herself in our
humble, coarse domain. Snow-balls
tossed their lovely blooms close by
Mrs. Arnold's door, and a great
branching sweet-briar filled all the
space between the front windows.

"Oh! oh! oh!" gasped Mary,
going slowly up the little path;

"how sweet and lovely! I never
know how tired I am till I get here.
I think heaven must be something
like this."

"How do you do, Mary?" said
Mrs. Arnold, at that minute coming
to the door. "Speak of angels, you
know—I was thinking of you not
five minutes ago."

Mary kissed her friend affection-
ately, and they sat down in the little
parlor that overlooked the flower-gar-
den.

"You cannot guess what I was
saying to myself as I came up the
walk," said Mary, smiling on her
friend.

"What, dear?"

"That heaven must be something
like this," answered the girl. "Oh,
I wish I could stay here!"

Mrs. Arnold did not speak for a few
minutes. Then she said:—

"What is your idea of heaven,
Mary?"

"A beautiful place where ev-
erybody has what he wants."

"Ah, my dear," answered Mrs.
Arnold, looking grave, "it is to be,
not to possess."

Mary did not understand.

"You have not had experience
enough yet, my child, to grasp my
full meaning; but you can compre-
hend a little of it. Happiness comes
from perfection. No matter what we
may possess, no matter how beautiful
our surroundings, if we ourselves are
imperfect, we can never be perfectly
happy. And, my child, the best of
us cannot even comprehend perfec-
tion. But we can grow towards it."

"But are you not happy, Mrs. Ar-
nold?"

"In one way, dear. I am happy in
not expecting too much happiness, in
not grieving over what I cannot help,
in saying practically, 'Thy will be
done.' In that way, and in that way
only, I attain the serenity necessary
to spirit growth and development. In
the plainest words, my child, be de-
termined to grow where you are—
to do all in your power where you are.

The only happiness we ever can have
in this world is the happiness of im-
perfect children in harmony with the
divine Father and Master, and striv-
ing to grow under His teaching and
influence. The very first condition
of receiving this influence is quiet-
ness of spirit. For, far off, my little
girl, is the happiness of perfection,
but right here and now is the peace of
obedience; the joy of a little gain
each day; the joy of knowing that,
beset as we are by many difficulties—
like a plant that responds to the
sunshine, and puts forth tender shoots,
and makes headway, though often
hindered, and trodden upon, and cut
back—we are little by little growing
into the light of the eternal Sun."

"Oh, I am not growing, I am
sure," said Mary, and then she told
her friend the events of the morning.

"At least you are learning to
know yourself," said Mrs. Arnold.

"Such a hateful self," sobbed
Mary.

"An undisciplined, sensitive, ig-
norant self. Your very strength is a
hindrance to you. But have patience.
Life is meant for growing."

"How shall I begin?"

"By trying to keep a quiet spirit in
unquiet circumstances. By saying,
'Let others do as they will, I will try
to strive for the heavenly spirit of good-
will and peace. Little by little I will
gain the heavenly wisdom.' And in
this struggle of growing there is, first,
help for you in the blessed Spirit of
all help that we must believe broods
over and informs our world; second,
in good books—the spirit of God in
men held for us in writing. We can-
not alone fight this battle."

Mrs. Arnold was going on, inspired
by the earnest, hungry look of her
young listener, but a friend came in
and interrupted the talk. Mary went
home by the longest way, through the
woods and by the clover meadow,
that she might have time to think
over what she had heard.

THE SOWER.

In the dim dawning saw thy seed,
And in the evening saw thy hand.
What it will bring forth—wheat or weed—
Who can know, or who understand?

Few will heed,
Yet sow thy seed.
See, the red sunrise before thee glows,
Though close behind thee night's still gloom,
Flapping their fatal wings, come the black
foes,
Following, following over the hill.
No repose!
Sow thou thy seed.

We, too, went sowing in glad sunrise;
Now it is twilight, and shadows fall.
Where is the harvest? Why lift we our eyes?
What could we see here? But God seeth all.
Fast files files,
Sow the good seed.

Though we may cast it with trembling hand,
Spirit half-broken, heart-sick and faint,
His rain will scatter it over the land;
His rain will nourish and cleanse it from
taint.

Sinner or saint,
Sow the good seed.
Mrs. Muloch Craik.

Falsehood is never so successful as
when she baits her hook with truth. No
opinions so fatally mislead us as those
that are not wholly wrong; as no
watches so effectively deceive the wearer
as those that are sometimes right—
Colton.

A TALK WITH THE GIRLS.

BY ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

There is so much that is intensely in-
teresting in missionary work, that one
hardly knows, in talking, what to
choose. All missionary women are
temperance women, and all missionary
girls are temperance girls; and so you
all know our dear Miss Willard, the
president of the Woman's National
Christian Temperance Union. About a
year and a half ago, Miss Willard spoke
to the students of Wellesley College.

Gathering them to her very heart, as if
they were her own dear girls whom she
left to engage in the grand work which
she is now doing, she said, "Girls,
aren't you glad you're alive now? And
aren't you glad you weren't alive till
lately?" And so we say about our mis-
sionary work. It is worth while to
live now! There is so much that we
may do, so many levers that we may
place in position, whose combined force
shall move the world; for "the king-
doms of this world shall become the
kingdoms of our Lord and of His
Christ."

You remember the story of the cruel
rocks that so long obstructed the en-
trance to New York harbor by the
Sound. Many attempts to remove them
were made, but in vain. At last, Gen.
Nelson planned and executed. By the
labor of long and weary years the rock
was honeycombed, and in each cavity
a charge of nitro-glycerine was placed,
the whole being connected with the
shore by an electric wire. When all
was ready, Gen. Nelson bade his little
three-years-old daughter touch a key.

The circuit was complete. "In an in-
stant that mighty pile of rock rose
high into the air. It seemed to totter
a moment in its aerial flight, and then
sank in ten million fragments beneath
the wave and disappeared forever. And
Hell Gate is among the things that
were."

There are rocks of ignorance, super-
stition, prejudice, cruel and wicked cus-
toms, blocking the channel through
which must pass the white-winged mes-
sengers of God's peace. It may not be
yours to work in the depths of these
surging waters—to honeycomb, by
steady blows of pick-axe and hammer,
those massive rocks; it is yours to help
to equip the workers, to furnish them
with submarine armor, to provide them
with tools. It is yours to touch the
keys whose action shall shatter these
obstructions, for in helping to rescue
the women and girls of heathen lands
you are pressing the mightiest springs
in the Christianizing of India and
China and Japan, of South America and
Mexico.

Now, what we want of you is, first,
an earnest interest in this work. You
talk to one another of temperance meet-
ings, church festivals, school exhibi-
tions; and if one of your number
chances to be lukewarm in her zeal,
how you rally round her and talk her
into enthusiasm in spite of herself.

You know how to do it, girls. Your
warm hearts, sparkling eyes and eager
voices know not the word "fail" when
you wish to interest a schoolmate in
that which interests you. Take the
faces of our dear missionary workers
who, with hearts as warm and almost
as young as yours, have gone as your
representatives to your dusky sisters in
Africa, to the dark-browed maidens of
India, the custom-bound women of
China and Japan. Learn their history,
and so learn to love their faces; then
take our dear little friend and read
their letters from their far-off homes;
they will seem like letters from old
friends. Write to them yourselves—
not asking or expecting them to reply,
for their hands are full; but to send
them a word of greeting that they may
know they are not forgotten in the
home-land; to receive a new inspiration
in your own heart with the "Inasmuch
as ye have done it unto one of the least
of these, ye have done it unto Me."

And then we want you to keep up
your interest in this work. Let me
give you another word from Miss Willard.
Speaking before a large audience,
one day, she compared temperance to
the ocean, and the barriers which are
raised against it to the dikes built
around Holland to keep out the angry
waters. She spoke of the necessity that
every rock and stone in those walls
should remain firm in its place. "As I
closed," she continued, in telling the
story, "a sailor-boy rose, and with his
clear, blue eyes looking up into mine,
said, 'Miss, I'm nothing in the world
but a cobble-stone, but put me in the
wall anywhere, and I'll stick!'"

That is what we want of you—
"Stick!" Grow up into strong mis-
sionary women, with love for the work
increasing year by year. It may be God
will call some of you not only to send,
but to go. Remember the answer of
Florence Nightingale, when asked the
secret of her wonderful life. She re-
plied, "I have never refused God any-
thing." Give the missionary cause
your voices, your work, your prayers.

Study missionary geography by maps,
pictures and descriptions; form a cabi-
net of foreign curiosities, a library of
missionary literature—anything to
bring these countries near and make
them real to you.

Another thing: Ere long you will
be preparing your Christmas gifts for
home friends. Will you not remember
in your love-tokens our missionaries
and the girls in their schools? Miss
Thoburn sails in October, and will
gladly take charge of any such packages
for India. They should be properly
addressed and sent to the Mission
Rooms, 805 Broadway, New York, in
care of Miss Isabella Thoburn. You
would be delighted with a doll dressed
in Hindoo costume; no less pleased
would be the girls in the Moradabad,
Bijnour, or Bareilly schools, with a doll
resembling in American style. Send house-
keeping materials—small articles that
will not take up too much room; the
youngest among you can at least knit a
dish-cloth, or hem a towel or a napkin.
An auxiliary has made a picture-book

for the little girl whom it supports,
by pasting pictures upon leaves of yellow
holland, button-hole stitched on the
edges with bright silk. Remember,
these gifts must be prepared at once, in
order to be in time for Christmas. Put
in a little letter with your gifts, as some
of you did—we maidens then—into
the stockings that you knit for our sol-
dier boys.

Miss Michener—our heroine in the
heart of Africa—begs for odds and
ends of bright ribbons to attract her un-
civilized little pupils. Miss Cushman
writes of a box received last April:
"There was a bundle of calico, cards,
dolls and toys, dolls and dolls, knives,
balls, and things, and things, and things,
that will just delight the hearts of
those who receive them. Who sent all
these things? I just felt 'set up' when
I got that box. I saw in my mind a
flourishing day school, kept together
by its attractions."

Underhill, Vt.

THE OLD SHIP.

"The ship is old," he said; "but she and I
have sailed for many a year the restless
deep."

Making our stormy story on the deep;
In doubtful ways, where streaming clouds
hung high;
In peace we there off with woful cry
We've heard the drowning sink to their last
sleep.

"I think we shall not part. In calm or gale
She has not failed us once through weary
years;
She's known my hand upon her helm for
years.

Some day, when great winds blow and tem-
pests wail
While every man stands at his post, we'll
sail
Unto that sea whence no man ever steers."

The words rang in my heart; and sleeping so
I said unto the ship: "In wild woods green
Thy constant duty is the sunset rest;
Thy branches in the woods to fresh winds
blow,
And at the roots the sweet wild blossoms
grow;

In the far forest thou hadst happier been."
"Not so, not so," the tossing ship replied;
"Though daily winds and storms I have
endured,
Though oft the battle's storm I have with-
stood,
Mind of man's mind, together we've defied
The cannon's rage, the tempest's wind and
tide.
Grander such life than blowing in the wood."

"The forest trees shall find a slow decay,
I shall go down at once—the mighty deep
Shall find me below her lowest deep;
I and the noble trees I bear, some day,
Doing our very best, shall pass away,
And men in honor shall our memory keep."

The dream was but a parable. Dear heart,
The sternest duty is the sweetest rest;
The constant duty is the sunset rest;
Be glad if storm and struggle are thy part;
If death should walk with duty, do not start.
Call it but thy work! Ah, surely that is
best!"

—Harper's Weekly.

The Little Folks.

WEEZY'S SAMBO.

Little Weezy Haynes had more dolls
than she could take care of, and they
were always falling into mischief. Her
china twins had but one leg and one
arm between them, and not a sign of a
head. Her pretty wax Rosa was without
a nose. And as to her gutta-percha
baby, it was so wrinkled and ugly that
Weezy rubbed the window-panes with
it when she played at cleaning house.

Phoebe Redden cut out paper dolls for her
by the hour, but these frisked out of the
window or into the fire; and of Weezy's
large family there was left only one
sound child.

This was little Sambo, knit of worsted
—black face, scarlet jacket, yellow trousers
and all. When he tumbled into the
wash-bowl, Weezy squeezed him out,
and dried him over the register. When
he raveled, mamma darned him and
made him as good as new. Oh, how
the nicest kind of a doll! And, from
his white sewing-silk teeth to his black
stocking-yarn toes, Weezy loved every
inch of him. Yet she did love to pun-
ish him. One morning, when she found
him in papa's boots, she shook him till
his eyes rolled out.

"What for Sambo run away and
hide?" cried she. "Now mamma's
tired, 'cause Sambo didn't mind."
She looked about the hall for some-
thing to tie him to, and saw papa's over-
coat on the hat-tree. The buttons on
the back of it were just within her reach.

"There! Sambo, my tied till he is
a good boy," said she, winding the ends
of his tiny scarf round one of the but-
tons.

Then, leaving the poor doll hanging
by his neck, she danced off to the kitchen
to teach Bridget for "two big plums."
Pretty soon Papa Haynes came out of
the sitting-room to go down town. It
was rather dark in the hall, and he put
on his overcoat without seeing the doll.
Next he drew on his gloves and walked
briskly into the street, with Sambo bob-
bing up and down from the button at
his back.

It was funny enough! One little boy
laughed so hard that he rolled off the
door-step. Some school-children on the
corner shouted and clapped their hands.
Papa Haynes wondered what all the
noise was about. He couldn't see any-
thing to laugh at.

He might have gone on right through
the village with Sambo's yellow legs
dancing a jig behind him, if the minister
hadn't called to him.

"Sir?" said papa, wheeling in front
of the minister's gate so suddenly that
the doll bounced against him.

"Why, what is this?" he went on,
reaching his hand behind his back.

"Something that belongs to Weezy,
I fancy," laughed the minister, unwinding
Sambo's scarf.

"When Papa Haynes saw the doll, he
couldn't help laughing, too.

"Well, I must say I've cut a pretty
figure," said he, with a very red face.
"He felt like tossing Sambo over the
fence, but then he thought of his little
daughter."

"I suspect Weezy is crying this minute
for her lost baby," said he, cramming
Sambo head first into his pocket.

"I'll take it home to her this time;
but she must look out how she ties it
again to my coat-button!" — PENN SHIR-
LEY, in *Our Little Ones*.

Miscellany.

ON THE USE OF COSMETICS.

"What do you think about the use of
cosmetics?" inquired Miss Morrison.
"Was another addition to the club.
"I have no respect for a woman who
will use paint and powder on her face,"

said Aunt Betty. "Always reminds me
of that wicked Jezebel who painted her
face and tired her head, and set herself
down at her window."

"I disapprove of rouge," said Mrs.
Jamison, "but I confess that I think
powder pardonable. It is a real com-
fort in summer. It takes away that red
and shiny look which is so unbecom-
ing, and imparts a softness of tone and
which greatly improves one's appear-
ance. I am inclined to regard powder
as a toilet necessity."

"Well," said Miss Rachel, whose
lily and rose hues testified that she re-
sorted to no such helps, "I never see
powder sticking to a lady's face without
wishing to do as a fond but despotic
husband in one of Charles Reade's nov-
els did to his vain and pretty little wife.
He came down arrayed to make calls.
Under pretence of giving her a kiss, he
washed her face with a sponge dipped
in rain water, and removed what he con-
sidered the miserable coating of dust
from her skin, setting the pores free.
He was a Doctor Somebody."

"What a hateful man!" said Mrs.
Jamison.

Mrs. Minniver said: "I have a de-
cided opinion on this subject, and I never
fail to express it when I have an oppor-
tunity. Cosmetics may temporarily im-
part brilliance to the complexion, but
they are deceptions which deceive no-
body, and in the end they do more harm
than good. A fine skin cannot be given
by their aid. Good digestion, pure
blood, and a contented mind have more
to do with the freshness and perfectness
of the complexion than external ap-
pliances have. Exercise, abundant sleep,
frequent bathing, and food which is eas-
ily assimilated will insure girls and
women against pimples and blotches.
As for freckles and tan, they wear away
very soon, and rather than be confined
under a veil on a bright summer day, I
would have my face two or three shades
darker than its natural tint and never
complain. Lemon juice is excellent and
harmless for removing sunburn and tan.
As for the most innocent-looking lily-
white complexion, they deserve all
each to be embelished in the words
of an old song: 'Trust them not, they
are fooling thee.' They are fooling their
victims with subtle lead-poisoning."

"Line o'clock now struck, and the club
adjourned." "The Neighbors' Club," in
Christian Intelligence.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

Near the close of the summer season,
in a pleasant summer retreat, a new-
comer found the entire company of the
little hotel preparing to give a *fete* in
honor of a young lady who was about to
leave them. The young men had brought
a band and extorted from the city, mar-
ques were erected on the lawn, the
house was wreathed with flowers; every-
body, from the white-haired grandmoth-
ers to the little children, had some little
farewell gift ready for "Miss Betty."

The stranger was curious.

"This Miss Betty is very beautiful, no
doubt?" he asked his friend.

"No, I think not. It never occurred
to me before, but I believe she is home-
ly."

"A great beauty, then?"

"On the contrary, a poor artist."

"Brilliant, witty? Highly intellectu-
al?"

"No, indeed; she never said a fine
foolish thing in her life. She is the best
thing I ever knew. Neither is she
learned or clever or fascinating; but
really she is the most lovely girl in the
world."

"Not a bit patriotic, but Caesar himself,
What is the charm then?"

Betty's friend looked perplexed. "I
do not know," he hesitated, "unless it is
that she never thinks of herself."

"A true story. The charm of
this woman was an absolute absence of
all self-consciousness. She was neither
vain nor modest. She simply forgot
that there was such a person as Betty
Gordon, and with her warm heart and
quick sympathies threw herself into the
lives of others. It was a peculiar, power-
ful attraction, and brought the little
world about her to her feet."

This unconsciousness of self is recog-
nized by the best classes as the finest
development of good breeding. Among
the English nobility, the man of highest
rank is likely to be the most unassum-
ing, direct and simple in his manners.
He assumes the virtue of modesty, if he
has it not.

American young people are not apt to
be selfish, but are usually generous and
considerate. But they are often intelli-
gently self-conscious. They are themselves
so engrossed with that monster *I*, that they
imagine the world is equally interested.
In this self-consciousness they contin-
ually speak, move, and even think, like
actors before an audience.

A HUSBAND'S LECTURE.

"My dear," said the young husband, "do
not fret
For just a simple tea-cup; do not scold
For its lid the cup were gold.
At least, so I've been told."

"Believe me, dear, that nothing in this life
is worth your fretting for. Do as I do—
Be of the happy few
Who do not wear themselves away in
strife;
Be calm—do as I do."

The placid maid stood serenely 'er
His pet aquarium, watching its still life
So calm and void of strife
(The husband's hobby often is a bore,
Even to a loving wife.)

Just then a footman entered with a note,
And, turning quickly, the aquarium fell.
Ah! how she felt
How the fierce master the poor culprit
caught,
And how he pulled the bell,
And called the man and maids, and banged
the door,
Fretted and fumed in passionate regret,
And how his feet got wet,
And how the handmaiden came on the floor
Was rained by his pet?

Meanwhile the wife, serene and calm and
still,
Sat smiling in her chair. "My dear," she
said,
"Where is your patience fled?
You should control yourself. There is no
ill
Worth fretting for. Do as I do, instead."

No answer then. The wreck was all re-
lief, and the footman came in with a note.
Then came this frank confession: "Lucy,
dear,
I have been wrong. I fear;
My poor little patience is indeed reproved."
Then she drew kindly near,
And whispered something—what, I can-
not say.
But ever since the wife's small troubles find
A sympathetic mind.
—Harper's Weekly.

LITTLE THINGS.

Look most to your spending. No
matter what comes in, if more goes out
you will always be poor. The art is
not in making money, but in keeping it.
Little expenses, like mice in a large
barn, when they are many, make great
waste. Hair by hair heads get bald;
straw by straw the thatch goes off the

